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MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM R. FALES,

The Portsmouth Cripple.

"Behold I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.

"For mine own sake, even for mine own sake, will I do it, and I will not give my glory to another."

ISAIAH xlviii. 10, 11.

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INTRODUCTION.

In preparing for the public eye the Memoir of William R. Fales, there has been no design to exhibit human nature in any other light than that of a frail, dependent creature, —a worm of the dust,—though mercifully endowed with a spirit, struggling for immortality and eternal life. And since it hath been consistent with the will of an All-wise Providence to enable this interesting sufferer, in so remarkable a manner, to tell his goodness and to sing his praise, may we not glean from the memorandums of his feeble pencil the teaching lessons of a Father's love, tracing throughout the power of faith, the

need of patience, and the worth of prayer. Grace made him what he was; and whilst we behold him in his lonely pilgrimage proclaiming the mercies of Redeeming Love, we are forcibly reminded of the language, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

S. H. L.

Philadelphia, 12 month, 1850.

MEMOIR.

It was in the summer of 1848, that the compiler of the following memorandums, in company with several others made a visit to the Portsmouth Almshouse. Beautifully situated upon Narragansett Bay, about eight miles from Newport, Rhode Island, was this humble abode of the blind, the aged, and the crippled poor. It was here that we first became acquainted with the subject of this memoir—William R. Fales. It was here, that this child of sorrow had found a shelter under the wing of public bounty. Day after day, month after month, and year after year, had swelled the catalogue of his griefs, till on his pallid face and shrunken

form was stamped the image of protracted suffering. A season of darkness had o'ershadowed his mental horizon, and given a tone of pensive interest to the features of this afflicted youth. Well, then, might the stranger pause beside his humble couch, and listen to the touching tale of *one* on whom affliction's hand was resting heavily. The victim of disease from early childhood; life, to him, had been a thorny way; his cup of bitterness was well-nigh full; but *He*, who can make hard things easy, and bitter things sweet, had been marvellously at work in this secluded chamber. For many years had this emaciated sufferer been confined chiefly to his bed, without the power of moving his distorted limbs, or even raising his own head. His feeble hands alone could serve him, and these were so contracted, that the fingers nearly touched his wrist. Thus wearily had he languished—thus lived dependent upon the care of others; and his twenty-eighth year still found him an object of helplessness, a picture of physical deformity; a picture, which, whilst enlisting our sympathies, pre-

sented to view a character of no ordinary stamp. In adverting to his bodily infirmities, deprived as he was of many outward blessings, he very gratefully enumerated his mercies; said that he had his eyesight and his reason, and he often thought how much worse he might possibly be, for now he could read of God, and meditate upon his works: and when interrogated what he most needed to render his situation more comfortable, he humbly declined mentioning any particular thing; but when assured that it would be a pleasure to administer to his relief, he very modestly replied, "You know we all have our carnal desires, and I may own that I once saw a book which I thought, if it ever was in my power, I should like to possess, which was 'Baxter's Saint's Rest.'" This was all he named—this was what his spirit longed for, *The Saint's Rest.* It, however, opened the way for further conversation, and we found upon inquiry that he was fond of reading, though his little library consisted principally of a Bible, a hymn book, and Thomas à Kempis, which, with one or two periodicals,

were lying beside him on the table. One of these papers, "The American Messenger," particularly attracted our notice, the margin thereof being covered with the traces of his pencil; and upon our asking why he wrote upon newspaper, he said that he had no other, and that he sometimes resorted to this method of assisting his memory. The promise of a blank book and writing materials, seemed grateful to him; and the following memorandums have been copied from that well-filled volume, which, with the letters to a friend in Philadelphia form the materials for this Memoir. The phraseology is his own. His spelling is mostly correct, and his handwriting, though somewhat cramped, is quite legible.

Further comment seems unnecessary; they tell their own simple history, being the ungarnished productions of an afflicted youth; *one* who, though debarred the privileges of refined society, and with very limited opportunities for improvement, possessed a mind capacitated for the enjoyment of intellectual pursuits, and a heart that could appre-

ciate the blessings of friendship. Sensitive, though unrepining, he keenly felt the privations of his allotment, and though unpitied and alone, without the soothing voice of sympathy to cheer his onward way, the hymn of gratitude and song of praise commingled with his waking thoughts, and kept him at the gate of prayer. Need we then marvel that the proffered aid of strangers should waken thoughts too big for utterance? Let this then be an apology for the exuberance of a full heart—a heart but rarely tempted by kindliness to the disclosure of his necessities. But to those who felt that his solitary chamber was as "a Bethel here below;" that there he agonized, there wrestled for the Lord's sustaining power; it has been a source of comfort to believe, that his last days on earth, were measurably brightened, and the tedium of sickness relieved by pleasing and profitable employment; an employment, which, as it opened into a new existence, enabled this chastened one "to tell unto others what the Lord had done for his soul." Long disciplined in sorrow's school,

he had learned to confide in the counsels of Infinite Wisdom, and could of a truth say, "In the multitude of the sorrows I had in my heart, thy comforts, O Lord, refreshed my soul." And if any tried sufferer, any depressed spirit, should thereby be encouraged to put their trust in the same Almighty Helper, and wait, as did this poor cripple, patiently and prayerfully all the days of their permitted refinement until their change come, then, indeed, may it be said that the subject of this Memoir hath not lived in vain.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

WITHOUT any view to its publication, the following Autobiography was obtained in the autumn of 1848, at the request of the compiler, whose increased interest in the situation of W. R. Fales awakened the desire to know something of the vicissitudes through which the hand of Providence had guided, and thus far brought the sufferer on his way.

I was born October the 9th, 1820, in Portsmouth, Rhode Island. My mother was one of a family of thirteen children, and her father, being in limited circumstances, she was obliged at an early age to leave home,

in order to procure the means of her own living. For a while she obtained employment in the neighbouring families, after which she removed to a greater distance, and commenced working in a cotton factory. Here she became acquainted with a man by the name of Nathaniel Fales; they soon became mutually attached to each other, and were subsequently married, and alas, it is *I* who am the unfortunate offspring of that unhappy union; and it is *he* that I am doomed to call my father, though to my recollection I never saw him but once, and that was when about eleven years old. For the first five years of my life I was permitted to remain with my grandparents, after which my mother took me to live with an aunt in Somerset, Massachusetts, who was the wife of a respectable farmer. Here I was kindly received, and lived very comfortably, without anything occurring to interrupt my happiness, until a little more than six and a half years of age, when my series of sore afflictions commenced. Yes, on one fine afternoon in April, I was sent on an errand with

another boy older than myself, and on our return home we stopped by the wayside, and, not considering the consequences, we incautiously stripped off our clothes, and went into a pond to bathe. While thus engaged, we espied a carriage approaching, and strove to get dressed before we should be seen, but in the haste my shirt fell into the water and got wet, yet I put it on, and went home. Being so young, we did not know that we had endangered our health by this adventure, therefore said nothing about it until it was too late; for that same evenning I was attacked with chilliness, and continued to grow worse, until I was unable to stand upon my feet. A physician was called, who pronounced my disease to be inflammatory rheumatism, or the effects of sudden cold. Well, then I had to go through a long course of bleeding, blistering, and physic, and, as nearly as I can recollect, I began to recover in about fifteen months. Yet I never fully recovered, but was ever afterwards in a very precarious state of health, and, though part of the time I was

able to do some work, yet whenever I took cold I was subject to severe fits of sickness, and thus my time passed away until I had commenced my fifteenth year, when my mother, having again married, and being about to remove with her husband to Pennsylvania, concluded to take me with them, hoping, by a change of climate, I might become more healthy, and assist them in working their farm. Accordingly, in November 1834, they took me from my good home in Massachusetts, and carried me to Rutland, Pennsylvania, and in the following spring we began vigorously to cultivate our land, but by being much exposed to the cold, I soon began to feel more unwell, yet continued to work day after day, until my limbs became so swollen and painful, that it was difficult for me to stand or go; and when a doctor was sent for he appeared to know little about my disease, and after a few visits left me uncured, for the disorder had made such insidious inroads throughout my whole system, as entirely to baffle his skill. However, towards the latter part of September,

I so far recovered as to stand on my feet, and walk about considerably; yet being exposed during the inclement weather, I was, in the following February, so much worse as to be obliged to take to my bed, from which I never more expect to arise.

Ah yes! February 1836, was the last time I ever stood upon my poor feet, and March 1840 the last time I ever sat up in a chair. Year after year passed away, during which my afflictions were various and unbounded, till at length, through the mysterious workings of Providence, the way opened for me to be removed to this place in June 1846. I evidently enjoyed the most privileges, or was the most favoured, during the period in which I was comfortably situated under the hospitable roof of my kind friends in Somerset, Massachusetts. There I was plentifully supplied with suitable food and clothing, and received good attendance when I was sick, and there too, when the state of my health would admit of it, I was allowed to attend the district school, much of the time intervening between my ninth and four-

teenth years. Putting it all together, I may have received about three years' schooling. Moreover, I was then permitted to keep a few sheep and hens, chiefly for my own benefit, and many a time I have heartily wished it could have been my lot to continue in that happy family. But alas! it was not so to be—for adventurously I expressed a wish to accompany my parents to Pennsylvania, where I was doomed to experience a sad contrast, many of the trying scenes through which I had to pass having made an awful impression upon my mind; and though the retrospect causes me to shudder, yet I believe it is good for me that I have been afflicted, because I have found affliction to be one of the best schoolmasters; and I have learned those lessons in sickness and adversity, which, perhaps, I never should have learned in any other way. Thus twenty-eight years of my miserable existence have passed away, and in looking back at them, it is evident that more than twenty-one of those years have been one unbroken chain of afflictions; and though my experience has

continually been of the bitterest kind, and attended with many melancholy circumstances, yet I will not describe the thorny way and trying manner by which I was led to renounce worldly vanities, and seek an interest in Christ.

It was in the autumn of 1836, while I was lying sorely afflicted on my sick-bed, nearly ready to despair of ever regaining my health, or finding any more rest or comfort upon earth; yes! it was when I was friendless and wholly incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, that I, for the first time, felt inclined to withdraw my heart from the love of things that are seen, and turn it toward the things that are not seen. Accordingly, my attention was directed to a little, old Bible, which my mother had bought when she was young. Well, as I was saying, I began to peruse this old Bible, but still continued to feel very disconsolate. I was weary of life, yet fearful of death. At this time my mother was taken unwell, and sent for some of the neighbouring women to attend her, and one of them, not being

long in the place, was much of a stranger to us. She, however, came to my bedside, and seeing that I was labouring under discouragement of both body and mind, she spoke a few comforting words to me, and was instrumental in persuading me to seek the aid of that Almighty Helper, who was able and willing to do for me more than I could either ask or think. In a word, she bid me seek the Lord's assistance by earnest prayer; and seeing there was no help nor confidence to be found in man, I began to do as she directed me, and from that time to this have never repented my choice. For I have had many proofs of His great goodness and power, and though, from time to time, my faith hath but just glimmered, and my soul been much dejected, yet praised be *His* holy name, *He* has never wholly suffered me to relinquish all hopes of obtaining a share in "that rest which remaineth for the people of God."

W. R. Fales.

MEMORANDUMS AND LETTERS.

JULY, 1848.—For some months past, my mind has been deeply exercised and sorely depressed by the consideration of my helplessness, and utter inability to procure such temporal assistance as I was desirous of having, and which it seemed that I needed. Likewise, I have had a deep sense of my own unworthiness and fallibility, and I still continue to feel as though I am of no value to any one, and am almost ready to think that I am living for no good purpose. Indeed, I sometimes feel as if no one cared for my poor soul, and that I shall come short of reaching that glorious place of rest which I have hitherto most ardently longed for.

July 23d, 1848.—Four ministering Friends* lately came to the Asylum and held a meeting with the poor afflicted inmates, during which they very tenderly exhorted us to repent and turn unto the Lord. They also gave us much instruction, mingled with kind persuasion, solemn warning, and heart-cheering encouragement. Truly it was a solemn, yet refreshing season. May the words spoken be deeply impressed on our hearts, and long remembered by us all. Moreover, after they had faithfully strove to impress our minds with a due sense of our duty to God and man, and endeavoured, as much as was in their power, to satisfy our spiritual needs, they were tenderly mindful of our temporal wants, and also administered unto them.

August 1st, 1848.—Although I feel much dejected, and appearances are truly disheartening, yet, through the mercy of God, I am not wholly despondent, neither am I inclined to mistrust the power and faithfulness of my

* One of these ministers was the late Anna A. Jenkins, of Providence, Rhode Island.

great Provider and Heavenly Benefactor, because I believe his power to be unbounded, and that *He* will continue true and faithful to fulfil his promises made to the children of men. And though the good which I seek is long delayed, yet I trust that He, in much mercy withholds it, in order that I may feel more fully my own insufficiency, and learn to look up to *Him*, depending on his goodness and mercy for all things. Therefore I will possess my soul in patience, and not be discouraged by the difficulties with which I am surrounded, but continue to trust in the mercy of God. Yea! I will humbly wait upon Him, with my mind stayed upon his divine promises, still hoping for a favourable issue to all my difficulties in his good way and time.

August 3d.—My mind continues sorely oppressed. My trials are numerous and grievous to be borne; my pain of body alone is often very oppressive, besides which, I have to endure internal conflicts and outward distresses; and what still renders my situation the more distressing, is because, for

some days past, I have felt but little of that support which I have so often experienced, and without which, the lightest afflictions are hard to bear. However, I am willing that the Lord should thus perfect me in sufferings, and hope *He* will make me meet for Heaven, through whatever means *He* may dispense. But oh! my trials are uncommonly great, my burdens are numerous and heavy indeed: and I have much to contend with that proves trying to me. For though "it requires but little effort to depise human consolation, when we are possessed of divine, yet it is a great thing to bear the want of both," and without a single sympathizer, or any self-condolence, or the least retrospect of my own imaginary worth, I have patiently to suffer this desolation of heart. Nevertheless, I have not lost my view of immortality and eternal life, and, though I am frequently harassed and perplexed with doubt and uncertainty, yet my mind is often deeply engaged with eternal things. I often think of the joys of my eternal home. I have respect unto the recompense of reward in that house

above, eternal in the heavens. I think, too, of that sweet repose, that heavenly repose, that endless repose, which is for ever enjoyed by the happy inhabitants of Paradise. And I hope my gracious Lord and Almighty Helper will not withhold his chastening hand, nor his kind support, until I am fully purified, and made meet for that blissful abode, that glorious, that everlasting repose. Then, my sufferings will be over, and my sorrows cease, and my rest will be just as sweet as though I had never suffered any here. Yes, I shall be far beyond the reach of sorrow, sickness, pain, and death for ever. But oh, this is a time of deep distress! my soul is cast down, and my heart is desolate; troubles increase, and all around me looks so dark, that I am filled with anguish and dismay. My spirit is humbled under a sense of my imperfections, and the possibility of my being shut out of heaven at last. Yet my trust is in the tender mercy of my God, for *He* is a sure refuge, and will save such as are of an humble spirit. I have no righteousness, no works, no merits of my own to

depend upon, but in great poverty of spirit I lay, trusting in the righteousness of Christ for salvation; and though my faith is sorely tried, yet I continue to pray for overcoming grace, and trust that I shall finally be made conqueror, through my Saviour's all-vanquishing power, and that these afflictions will be so sanctified, as to work for me an eternal weight of glory.

August 4th.—Surely I am afflicted above measure; my sufferings, both of body and mind, are very great. I have had a long season of darkness and doubt. My soul is plunged in the deepest distress, and I feel that I have none to comfort me. Alas! I have found this to be an unfriendly world, and hath no durable consolation for me. Oh, that the Lord would be pleased to pour out of his spirit upon this land, that the people would value their time and their health as they ought. O, that He would incline them to serve him, that they would strive to possess that charity which suffereth long and is kind. But I will put my trust in the Lord, for He is the friend of the friendless, and

the defender of all who put their trust in him. I will cry unto him while I live, and abide patiently all his will, for He heareth the cry of the poor, and despiseth not his prisoners. His power alone can sustain and soothe me under these heavy trials, and He alone can preserve me from evil, and fit my soul for heaven. Therefore have I committed myself to his care, both for time and for eternity; and though He hath seen meet for a season to withdraw the light of his countenance, and leave my soul in distress, yet I will not distrust his goodness, for I believe He will not suffer me to be tempted above what I am able to bear. He is truly the same God, now and for ever. He is the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, and beside him there is no Saviour. He will not always chide, nor absent himself for ever. "The bruised reed he will not break, the smoking flax he will not quench," "for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." He has promised "all things shall work together for good to them that love him;" and I believe he hides his

face from me in order to prove my confidence, that I may thus learn to live by faith, and to feel more sensibly my dependence upon him for every good and perfect gift. Therefore will I lay hold upon his precious promises, and wait patiently for him. Yea! into his hands I will commit my all, and put my trust under the shadow of his wings, believing that he will, in due time, arise for my help, and save me for his mercy's sake.

August 5th.—Yesterday I had a very extraordinary visit of condolence from four friends of humanity, which was more than acceptable. Indeed, I consider it a most timely *God-send.* After making some inquiries respecting my singular condition and bodily infirmity, one of them, T. W., from Ohio, spoke, in a very feeling manner, some words of comfort and encouragement to my poor, afflicted soul, which tended greatly to the removal of a heavy burden from my previously-exercised mind. My hope and confidence is now a little renewed, to my unspeakable comfort. I do not know how to be thankful enough for this favour, nor for the

many blessings I receive. "Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, bless his holy name." He has been my refuge in times of trouble, and hath comforted me with such comforts as the world cannot give. He hath been better to me than my fears. He hath heard my prayers, and sent me timely relief, so that I may again say, In the multitude of the sorrows I had in my heart, thy comforts, O Lord, refreshed my soul!

August 7th.—My friend, G. B., has been so kind as to send me a good book, entitled "Baxter's Saint's Rest," and a precious book it is. I had long wished to obtain one of the kind, hoping that the frequent reading of it might prove the means of strengthening my faith, and enabling me to withdraw my affections from things below, and fix them on things above, and, likewise, of creating within my heart a more earnest desire for the enjoyment of a near union and communion with the Father, through the Son, and of attaching me more closely to Him, who is the author of that glorious rest which the Apostle speaks so cheeringly of, when he says,

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God." My friend also sent me a blank book, some paper, and a pencil, all of which I look upon as a blessing from the Lord, for which I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude. O, that I had a more thankful heart!

Portsmouth Asylum, August 30th, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I received your kind present, and was rejoiced to find, beside other articles, your good letter, and I do hereby gratefully return my sincere thanks therefor. I have been more unwell than common for a few weeks past, and although it is evident that my poor, painful wreck of a body is slowly decaying, and my mental powers becoming still more impaired, and my afflictions, in some way or other, increasing, so that I often feel, to complain in the words of the Psalmist, "Thy wrath lieth hard upon me, and thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves," yet I have abundant reason to feel thankful for the privileges and comforts

which the Lord has, through infinite mercy, permitted me to enjoy. I hope, my dear friend, that you still continue satisfied with the visit you made to this land, for I humbly trust your visit to me, unworthy as I am, will be like "casting your bread upon the waters, which will return after many days." Truly, it was as a cordial administered in due time; for bitter experience hath enabled me to attest that, if ever a person needs a friend (not only an earthly but a heavenly friend), it is when he is prostrated on a bed of languishing and death. Oh! then he needs a willing hand to support him, and kind words to soothe him, and, above all, the consolation which only the religion of Jesus Christ can impart. And oh, my dear friend! let me entreat you not to be weary in well-doing, knowing that in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not. Continue to befriend the poor and needy, visit the abode of wretchedness, inquire into the wants of the sufferer, and minister to them according to your ability, not forgetting to speak a word of counsel to those who are going

astray, and a word of comfort to the dejected; for it may be as good seed sown in their hearts, which, at some future day, may bring forth fruit unto salvation; and, moreover, ye know that, by so doing, ye will do the work of the Lord. The state of my health is at present truly lamentable, and even hopeless, and though my circumstances are not as carnal nature would have them, yet I am persuaded that my Heavenly Father will not suffer me to endure one pang more than he sees will be requisite in the subduing of my fleshly desires, and that all the adversities and privations which are permitted to befall me here, will, through the mysterious workings of his power, eventually prove to be "*blessings in disguise.*" Poor old, blind Joseph grows feeble; he desires his love to you, and we both wish you to pray for us, and hope to meet you in that land, where none can say that they are sick.

With love, your friend,

WM. R. FALES.

September 19th, 1848.—I find Baxter's

Saint's Rest an excellent book, and I take much comfort in reading it. It refreshes and invigorates my drooping spirits, and tends to soothe and encourage my sorrow-bound heart. My mind also relishes it as food both pleasant and profitable; and I feel prepared to recommend it to all, and especially to the afflicted, as a book exceedingly well worthy of an attentive and thorough perusal; for I think that if any will take the trouble to read it thoroughly and prayerfully, they will, no doubt, find that it contains much that is profitable, consoling, and encouraging. I have been remarkably fond of books ever since I learned to read them, and, during many years of my life, I read about all that came in my way. Many of them were very good books, but some were such as may rightly be called, very bad books; and it is a matter of sincere regret to me, that I did not sooner learn to beware of unprofitable books, for it was not until a few years ago that I became fully convinced of the evils arising from reading novels, and other unprofitable works. Since then I

have been careful not to read any such as have a demoralizing tendency, for I think it not only a great waste of time, which in itself is a most heinous sin, but is also a practice which tends to deprave the morals, vitiate the principles, and make life miserable here; and a practice which, if continued in, will eventually prove the everlasting destruction of the soul. Most of the novels of our day are written by worldlings, or men whom no wise man would take for patterns of virtue; and no human mind can compute the waste of time that has resulted from novel-reading. How much then it behooves every Christian, every lover of virtue, and every well-disposed person, to raise a warning voice, and tell the world to beware of novels. Their effects upon the mind and morals are unhappy and disastrous, because they abound in exaggerations of men and things, and are apt to fill the mind with a false estimate of human life, and its enjoyments. They present vice and virtue in false colours, and abound in immodest, extravagant, and profane expressions; engen-

der vain desires, nourish vanity, and pave the way to the perpetration of many gross crimes. They also contain the seeds of mammon, or worldly-mindedness, which chokes and kills the tender shoots of piety. They are the soul's bane, and may well be considered as an overwhelming evil, yea, and a very curse to the land. *Novel-reading* is a prevailing evil, the current of which it is binding upon every lover of piety to resist. If there were no buyers, there would be no venders. *Novelists* may be, indeed, numbered amongst Satan's master-workmen, and novel-venders may be called his colporteurs, and those who willingly spend their time in reading and meditating upon their contents, to the exclusion or neglect of prayer, or other important duties, are to be reckoned amongst the devil's most faithful and devoted servants.

And since, at the latter day, every man is to be rewarded according to his works, what kind of reward shall we suppose will be awarded to the authors of bad books—to the authors of such books as tend to drown men

in destruction and perdition? The Scriptures of Divine Truth declares to us, "That whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap," and that "He that sows to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." Yes, bad books are seed sown by bad men. None ever become seriously disposed by reading novels. The cause of Christ is never promoted by reading them; none are inclined to worship God by reading them; none are made better parents,—better children,—better brothers,—better sisters,—better masters, or better servants, by reading them. In life they help none, in death they soothe none; but the thoughts of them fill many with bitter and unavailing regrets. Whosoever drinketh in their spirit drinketh corruption, which is an abomination unto the Lord. "Oh, that men were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!" We are frail yet accountable beings; life is short and very uncertain, for man is compared to the flower of the field, which cometh forth and is cut down; or like the grass which is green for a little season, and then

fades suddenly away. Time is given us to prepare for eternity. How careful then we should be to make a good use of it. How diligent we ought to be in preparing for a never-ending existence, for "the Son of Man cometh in an hour which we think not of." Oh! if people would only consider the greatness of their responsibility, and the necessity there is for them to live each day as if it were to be the last; none would be so reckless of their well-being as to devote their time to useless occupations, or to vain amusements. None would be willing to spend their last day on earth in contriving, nor in writing, nor in reading a novel. Ah! none would be willing that the grim messenger of death should find them with a bad book in their hands. The great business of life is to act well our part here, and prepare for that great and solemn change which awaits us. Let us then make manifest unto the world that we are "labouring to enter into that rest which remaineth to the people of God," and do all we can in persuading others to seek "the pearl of great price." Let us

read none but good books, and do all in our power towards creating a taste for them in others; considering them as seed dispensed by the Great Husbandman to be sown in the fields which He marks out to be cultivated by the hands of Christian industry. Good books are helps to faithfulness, therefore we should embrace every opportunity to put them in the way of being read;—many a careless sinner has been led hereby to reflection, and to humbly acknowledge and adore the goodness and power of God. Many by reading a good book have been led to seek an interest in Him who hath said, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." Many on reading the lives of useful men have been led to exclaim, "O that I could be the means of doing as much good as they have done!" Many on reading the sweet experience and happy death of the saints have been led to exclaim, "O that I could live such a holy life, and die such a happy death!" Now, there is much difference even in religious books. Some are more perfect than others. Let us then show

our economy by selecting the very best, that we may find ourselves in the possession of something that will prove as a sweet solace for daily life—something that will be like gentle comrades, kind advisers, helpers, friends, and comforters. Let us read and well digest the books best suited to our case. But that which has the first and greatest claim upon our attention is *the Bible.* The blessed truths which it teaches are, like their great Author, eternal. It tells us what we are here, and what we are to be hereafter. It contains the good news or the glad tidings of great joy. That is, it tells us "that God so loved the world that he sent his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." In that blessed book we find recorded these precious encouragements, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest," and "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." In short, it tells us what we must do to please God, and to prepare for heaven. Oh, then, let us en-

deavour to store our minds with a good knowledge of its contents, for truly it is the best of books, the best of friends, the same to-day and for ever.

Portsmouth Asylum, Oct. 9th, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

I gladly received your present of books, tracts, &c.; also your letter of the 20th of last month. I think you are indeed very kind to send such suitable books, and write to such a poor creature as I am. But oh! my friend, I plainly trace the guiding hand of Providence in leading you to visit *one* who is so unworthy—one who scarcely dares to call himself his servant. And it is that same God who now sees me and careth for me, that suggests to the minds of those who are in health and prosperity, the duty of visiting such as He sees meet to afflict. Therefore all praise and thanksgiving be to his great name for ever!

I was much affected by reading the account of poor William Churchman. Although it does not appear that he was bed-ridden, yet

his life exhibits a touching instance of the sad consequences of neglect and brutality. However, it seems that his afflictions were sanctified to him, even to the preparing him to enter into the joys of his Lord. Some of those sweet pieces in the volume of religious poetry you sent me, have been both comforting and encouraging to my poor afflicted soul, and, agreeably to your suggestion, I readily committed to memory the one entitled, "*Thou God seest me.*" Indeed there are many other pieces in the book very beautifully adapted to my case and circumstances, and some of them are so enlivening and comforting that I love to dwell upon them. A few weeks since I had a visit from my good and kind friend, Anna A. Jenkins, who soon expects to go on a religious visit to Europe. She and several other benevolent friends have lately contrived an easy sick-chair for me, hoping I might be enabled to recline upon it sometimes more comfortably than upon my bed. But my limbs are so distorted that it was found impossible for me to use it, at which I felt somewhat disappointed, yet I was kept

from murmuring by the consideration that it was possible for me to be much worse than I am now, and that although I can neither sit, stand, nor go, and am often constrained to pass through deep exercises of mind, and to feel many severe restraints from my outward circumstances, yet it is the Lord's blessed will that it should be so, and what is his will ought to be my will, because I am well assured that what He willeth is always right and just. Therefore I have cause

"To thank him for sickness, for sorrow, for care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear;
For nights of anxiety, watching, and tears,
A present of pain, a perspective of fears:
And meekly 'mid my anguish say,
Still will I trust Him, though He slay."

Your obliged friend,
WM. R. FALES.

November 8th, 1848.—All invalids whose mental powers are not diminished, may have time enough to review their past lives, and to think upon the numerous blessings which have been showered upon them by their

merciful Creator and Benefactor. They may also call to mind, and consider how many privileges they have had, and how many opportunities granted for alleviating the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, for we are commanded to work while it is called *to-day*, that is, while we are permitted to enjoy life, strength of body, and of mind. And the work which should chiefly claim our attention, and which we all ought cheerfully to engage in, while on earth, must be necessarily of that kind, which will tend to fit and prepare us for the enjoyment of eternal felicity in heaven. Oh! my dear fellow-travellers, whoever you are, let me entreat you, not to delay repentance, nor be deceived with a vain and false hope, nor with a presumptuous expectation of God's favour, nor say within yourselves, "Peace, peace; when there is no peace," for God is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity with any degree of allowance; and, "without holiness no man can see the Lord." Yet despair not of his mercy—though troubles are on every side; for God shutteth not up his mercies for ever, but has

promised forgiveness to all those who confess and forsake their sins. He has never turned any away who came humbly unto him, nor has he ever said, "Seek ye my face in vain." But if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. I beseech you then to hearken to Jesus Christ's gracious invitation, while it is called *to-day*. For now we are the objects of God's mercy, if by true faith and repentance we turn unto him. But if we neglect these things, we shall be the object of his justice and vengeance. Then "seek the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near," for those who seek him early have the blessed assurance of finding him, and receiving from his merciful hands the blessed gift of eternal life, which he hath promised to all those who diligently seek, and faithfully serve him unto the end. Then reject not his offered and proffered mercy, but seek an interest in the blood of Christ, while it is called to-day. Accept willingly his terms of offered mercy and everlasting salvation. Open your hearts

and receive the spirit of truth. Let it abide within you; adhere to it as your only guide;—and though the path of duty may often lead you into the midst of fiery trials, yet that same God who miraculously delivered his children from the burning fiery furnace, is still able to preserve all those who put their trust in him, and will graciously condescend to lead you safely forward in the straight and narrow way, which leadeth from earthly woes to heavenly bliss.

Therefore fear not, neither be dismayed, though your path is beset with continued trials, or your course impeded with many difficulties and sad disappointments, but let your minds be stayed on our great Leader and Almighty Helper, for his way in his dealings with his people is often "as in the sea, and his path in deep waters, and his footsteps are not known." He knoweth how effectually tribulations contribute to wear away the rust of corruption, and to wean us from the things of this world. Let us then believe that the trials which are permitted to attend us are graciously designed to drive us

closer to him, who is ever ready (when we ask in a right frame of mind) to do for us, more than we can either ask or think. And since we know that he is able to make all things work together for good to those who love him, let us patiently submit to all his righteous dispensations, and meekly suffer his most holy will. Let us rest assured, that be our afflictions ever so great, or long continued, that they are in the counsel of Infinite Wisdom, and under the direction of a merciful Providence, therefore, we should not be moved by whatever befalls us, knowing that it comes from the hand of Him who doeth all things well. Let us keep our hearts steadfastly fixed upon that God, with a true and unalterable resolution of suffering for his sake. Yea, let us manifest our love for him by patiently enduring labour and sorrow, persecution, temptation, poverty and want, pain and sickness, reproof, humiliation, confusion, and contempt. In short, let us cheerfully submit to all his gracious appointments, and for his sake endure losses and crosses, and with a lively faith, pass through

the various trials that surround us, fully assured that if we continue faithful unto the end, we shall receive as a reward for our faithfulness, the gift of eternal life, in that blest abode where none can say they are sick.

We who have spent our days in sadness,
Shall there enjoy a day of gladness;
For truly there, our joys will be
Lasting throughout Eternity.

November 18th.—It is very necessary for us to work while it is called *day*, for the night cometh wherein no man can work.

The *day*, I think, means *now* while we possess life and ability; and the night, I think, means death, or after death. There is nothing more true than the fact, that sooner or later death will overtake us all, prepared or unprepared, and after the night of death cometh, and we are numbered with the dead, we can do no more work, for there is no repentance in the grave. And, perhaps, it might well be said, that the night hath already come upon those who are de-

prived of their reasoning powers; for there are many poor creatures now living, who had time to repent while possessed of their right mind, yet it seems they would not choose God for their portion, nor heed his commands, but chose to follow their own sinful ways a little longer, little expecting to become reasonless, before they had made their peace with God. But so it was, and he saw fit to withhold his blessings from them, and permit their minds to become darkened, so that the light of reason being extinguished, these poor creatures appear wholly incapable of worshipping their Creator, or preparing for death. And as the sacred Scriptures expressly declare, that, "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," and "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God," how bitter must be the portions of such as go on in their wickedness until deprived of their reason, and then sink into the grave with all their load of sin and guilt bound fast to them! Ah! methinks if they had only been sensible of the awful consequences of unrepented sin, they would have

duly improved their time and talents whilst they were sane—yea! they would earnestly have strove to make their election sure by accepting Christ for their Lord and Saviour, and choosing that good part, whereby they would have secured treasure in heaven;—a good hope beyond the grave.

However, pitiable and hopeless as the maniac's case may seem to us, yet it is no more so than that of other sinners, who still go on transgressing against God's righteous laws, until death sweeps them into eternity. And when we well know what frail mortals we are, is it not strange that we do not take warning from the woful calamities which befall our fellow-creatures? And do we not know that disease and death are no respecters of persons, and that *one* is as liable to become insane or reasonless as another? Certainly we do. Well then, seeing we know not how soon we may be devoid of our reason, nor how soon ghastly death may overtake us, how very necessary it is for us to be preparing for death and eternity *now*, whilst we have time and opportunity afforded us, so

when we are called upon to resign our lives, we may do so in the joyful assurance of being made partakers of everlasting rest.

December 4th, 1848.—There is now in our house a very poor, wretched old woman, lying at the point of death, and it makes me feel sorrowful to think of her state, for it is fearfully evident that, instead of spending her life in seeking salvation, she has been sinning against a holy and just God. For many years previous to her coming here, she travelled the roads seeking employment, and obtained a subsistence for a while by working a few weeks at one house, and a few at another, until she became so disabled that no one wished to employ her, and on the 26th of last June she was brought by the overseer of the poor to this asylum, in a deplorable state of decline. But she has not seemed contented with her allotment, nor been obedient to her rulers; on the contrary, she has appeared passionate and ungovernable, using much profane language,—having no fear of future judgment, nor caring what might become of her soul,

saying she did not believe there was any worse place of punishment than this earth. She has been unwilling to listen to any religious discourse, or receive counsel from those who seemed interested in the welfare of her soul. Ah! it indeed seems as though the Holy Spirit had done striving with her, and that she had sinned away her day of grace; the eye of her soul being so dimmed that she cannot see her true condition. Oh! how awful it is for people thus to end their days with sin unrepented of, and consequently no hope of happiness beyond the grave!

For some days past the poor creature was so helpless as to require assistance to turn her in bed, and it has been truly heart-rending to hear her bemoan her situation, and to see how easily she would become enraged, and it was very distressing to hear her violent and abusive language, accompanied by bitter oaths and wicked blasphemy, whenever her attendants were endeavouring to render her situation more tolerable. Some thought her intellectual faculties were not quite so strong as common, and perhaps it was so. I am

willing to make all possible allowance for the poor woman, for it is evident that she was very ignorant concerning the way of holiness, and that she had always been a stranger to that humble resignation to God's will which cometh from a steadfast reliance on his assistance. And thus she has lived, and thus she has died, and after death comes judgment. Yes! the poor soul has now gone to try the realities of that world from whence there is no return.

Portsmouth Asylum,
December 19th, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

About two hours after closing my last letter to you, your package was delivered to me, containing some choice tracts, two precious letters, an excellent book, some paper, pencils, &c., all of which were acceptable. In short, I had never in my life before felt such grateful feelings arise within my bosom, as on receiving these gifts. They are a source of comfort to me amid my trials and poverty. I shall not attempt to describe what I feel;—it is beyond the power of words

to do so. I was much interested in reading that curious piece concerning "The Beggar and no Beggar;" yea, I have felt my mind renewed and my faith strengthened in meditating thereon, and feel sensibly how very necessary it is that we should endeavour to place our whole dependence upon an Almighty Protector, and how humbly we ought to hearken unto the counsels of an All-wise Director. For truly he is a great Preserver; and who is it that can direct us in the way of truth and holiness like unto him? But, my dear friend, do you think the story of the beggar was a reality? or do you think it an allegory, or something typical, written or intended to excite us to more earnest desires after that great and strong faith which wavereth not?—My mind was considerably excited to feelings of sympathy by the touching account you gave me of the young man who was so unexpectedly deprived of his reason, and I was glad to hear you say that he had been a follower of Jesus. Oh, my friend! we cannot be too thankful for such blessings as our reason, our sight, and our hearing,

and though I am in a great measure deprived of the use of my limbs, yet I have cause to feel thankful for many favours. How much more miserable I should be, if I had not been favoured with the opportunity of learning to read! But then, what would be the art of reading, or what would books avail me, if I was deprived of my sight, or my reason? My health is much as it has been for some months past. I generally suffer much pain whenever I am moved, but I hope my patience will hold out to the end.

A few weeks since I underwent much pain in having a large tooth extracted; and what tended to increase my suffering was the fact that my jaws were so much contracted by rheumatism as to leave but a narrow space between them, and being an upper tooth, it was impossible to pull it downwards without coming in contact with my under teeth. So, after being started so as to meet them, the doctor was obliged to wrench it out sideways, and thereby fractured my jaw-bone. But I do not feel alarmed; neither am I disposed to repine. The Lord knows what is best for

me, and though He afflict me many ways, yet mercy is mingled with all his dispensations, and I have long endeavoured to attain to that degree of resignation which, under all circumstances, can heartily respond in these words to all his appointments and requirements,—"Not my will, O Lord, but thine, be done."

January 2d, 1849.

My Friend:

I am truly more and more surprised at the kindness you show me, accustomed as I long have been to coldness and neglect. It has been cause of wonder, why such a poor, unworthy creature should be thus tenderly regarded. Yesterday was New Year's day, and in the morning I received your bundle, and could not help exclaiming, "*A new year's gift*" indeed! for it was the more pleasing, because to my remembrance I had never before received a present on New Year's day. I have not written much in my blank book, as I find that writing is extremely tiresome to me, but I consider it a favour to be able

to write from six to eight such lines as these in a day. I had a visit from my kind friend T. R. H., who brought me a number of tracts to read, and then I am to distribute them among my comrades, and to those who may visit the house. Much of the time we have religious meetings once in two weeks, at which time I generally present a few tracts to those of the neighbours who attend. For some days past I have not felt so well as common; my appetite is poor, and I have disagreeable, dull feelings through my head, especially across my forehead. A piece of my jaw-bone has protruded through the gum, yet it firmly adheres to the main portion; perhaps after a while it will work loose, and come out.

I have had some grievous trials of late, but have refrained from mentioning them to any one, believing that the Lord is able to make the wrath of man to work his pleasure, or work for good to those who suffer thereby. I have often found, that:—

"From human eye 'tis better to conceal
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel.

And unto Him make this my brief appeal,—
My Father! all is known to thee!"

I hope you will write soon to your afflicted friend,

W. R. F.

January 30th, 1849.—We should always seriously consider that as we love to see others just and upright in all their dealings with men, so do they in the same proportion love to see us just and upright in all our dealings. If we are then punctual to fulfil our promises and engagements, we shall by our example induce others to be punctual in fulfilling theirs. For as our eyes are apt to observe, and our judgment to censure the conduct of others, so is our conduct observed and censured by them. The old proverb says, "Honesty is the best policy." Yes! we must be strictly honest if we wish to prosper on earth, and enjoy peace and happiness hereafter. And to honesty we must join holiness, for true holiness necessarily excludes all that is evil and impure, and in-

cludes all that is good, pure, and holy. Although it is proper for us to be diligent in business, yet we should also be desirous of providing things honest in the sight of God and man. We ought, however not to be anxious in seeking after the riches, honours, and pleasures of this world, for thereby we shall neglect ourselves, and our own salvation. We should prefer above all other cares, the care of our own improvement in the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and considering that we have no abiding city here, we should endeavour to live in the world as strangers and pilgrims, and to spend the days of our sojourning here below, in holy fear, for we know not the hour in which death will seize us, nor can we rightly conceive the consequences of its finding us unprepared. Now, therefore, while our time is in much mercy prolonged, let us be earnest in laying up for ourselves the substantial and unperishing treasures of heaven. Let us learn *now* to die to the world, that we may, after death, begin to live with Christ. That is, let us be constantly striving to with-

draw our affections from things on earth, and set them on things above. Yea! let us endeavour more and more to keep our hearts disengaged from earthly passions and pursuits, and lifted up to heaven, in the humble and patient hope of arriving at that city which is to come, whose builder and maker is God. So that when we have finished our course on earth, we may find an abundant entrance into the gates thereof, and be made partakers of a joy unspeakable, which is prepared for those who truly love and serve him, through Jesus Christ our Redeemer.

Feb. 15th.—Various circumstances have conspired of late to convince me of the need I have for a further change. I want more humility and more love. I have it at times, but not in so great a measure as I ought. I desire such a continuing humility and love as will always incline me to do good to them that hate me, and to pray for them that despitefully use me and persecute me. But something arises that seems selfish, and sometimes like anger for a moment, which, though

never abiding, plainly convinces me that I am not yet in the full possession of that heart which seeketh not her own, nor that charity which never faileth. "O, Lord! make me to become wholly conformed to all thy righteous will."

February 16th, 1849. — Nearly fifteen years have passed away since the beginning of my present illness, and within that time I have learned what it is to endure afflictions and trials of the most distressing kind. But I will not allow murmuring thoughts to arise in my heart, for I know that afflictions spring not from the ground, but are needful to remind me that here I have no continuing city, and to raise my grovelling mind from earth to the contemplation of that eternal state upon which I soon must enter. No! I will not murmur at that Providence which has deprived me, in the bloom of youth, of my dearest earthly treasures, and blighted my brightest hopes with regard to the enjoyments of time, for this world is not to be my abiding home. Oh! I can truly say that it is good for me that I have been, and still am, af-

flicted. For, before I was afflicted, I went astray, and was ignorant concerning the ways of the Lord; but, since I have been lying upon this sick-bed, I have become acquainted with my God, and have learned to put my trust in his goodness and power.

March, 1849.—If you incline to instruct others, be sure to teach them by your example as well as by your words. Be yourselves what you would have them to be. Practice is the most effectual way of teaching mankind, who are remarkably addicted to imitation, especially of those whom they consider their superiors. Never let them hear those words out of your lips, nor see those practices in your lives, which you reprove in them.

None will be saved because they teach godlike things, if they be ungodly themselves. Then, let others see by your daily practice that you indeed believe what you would have them to believe. Let them see in your life that dislike to sinful ways, which your lips recommend; for, in vain may you exhort them to be spiritual, while you are

worldly. In vain do you entreat them to walk in the narrow way which leads to heaven, while you decline to walk in it yourselves. Therefore, you must *live* what you teach, and *be yourself* just what you desire them to become. This is the most effectual way of promoting unity and a happy state of things amongst mankind. O what is it that is more truly necessary, or more highly important, than for every one to look well to their daily and hourly example? A good example not only conduces to our welfare, but tends to promote the welfare of those around us.

March 16th, 1849.—While we can readily detect faults in others, let us recollect that others can, just as readily, detect faults in us; so then, instead of our endeavouring to find out how many faults others have, let us search our own hearts, in order to see how many faults we can find in ourselves. Let us review our past lives, and if we discover wherein we have done amiss, let us heartily repent of it, and endeavour to make as much restitution as possible. It will always be

profitable for us to search our own hearts, and examine our ways, with a design to amend them. Let us not delay the work any longer, but with a deep sense of our imperfections and past omissions, let us each search out and put away our sins. We may think ourselves wise when we are foolish, and strong when we are weak, because our wisdom is foolishness in the sight of God, and our strength is but weakness at the best. Human nature is blind to its own imperfections, and prone to sin as the sparks fly upward. We inconsiderately overlook many faults in ourselves, which others readily perceive, and look upon with great abhorrence. Deeply then let us feel our dependence upon God, for He is the true source of all good. Unto Him let us cry for assistance. He can show us our faults, and He alone can enable us to search our spirits aright, and give us strength to overcome every evil propensity.

Portsmouth, March 26th, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

My mind was cheered by the expressions

contained in your letter of the 7th, many of which were calculated to lead me to a serious contemplation of Him, who is the author and inspirer of every good thought, and from whom all holy desires, all good counsel, and all just works proceed; and who is also the giver of every good and perfect gift which we poor mortals enjoy. And what an unfailing source of comfort we can find in this great and good Lord, if we only seek after it in the appointed way and manner! For it is He who hath given us this gracious invitation, with the consoling promise connected thereunto, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Again, He hath promised, "If we come unto him, He will in no wise cast us out." O, what precious promises! for what can be more desirable than to have a place whereunto we may always resort, with the assurance of having our weary souls refreshed, without fear of being rejected or cast out? We also have liberty to commit all our concerns into the Lord's hands, yea, we may cast all our cares on him, for he

careth for us. But if we will not come to him for relief, nor trust our concerns in his hands, we shall not have any one to blame but ourselves, if we still feel unrefreshed, with our encumbering cares, like a tremendous weight, resting heavily upon our shoulders; for, truly, his grace is sufficient for us, and that my soul knoweth right well; for many a time, when the pains of my body have been extremely great, I have called on the Lord, and was relieved in such a manner that I felt constrained to say, "Surely, this is the Lord's doings." Yes! the Lord hath shown great mercy unto me in affording me time and opportunity to repent; and oh! may his sparing mercy be praised, for, while many have been suddenly hurried into eternity, I, a poor, unworthy creature, have plenty of time allowed me to make preparation for death, and am still spared as a monument of his love and mercy. Now, my dear friend, though you desire I should make but little mention of the favours received from you, yet I hope you will not be displeased, when I tell you that I feel it my

duty to make due acknowledgments therefor, even if I scarcely write about anything else; but, at the same time, I do not forget to thank my heavenly Benefactor for all things, because I fully believe Him to be the great giver and disposer of all my blessings; and that it is wholly through his goodness that I am supplied with all those things which I enjoy; and though, at many periods of my past illness, I have been very destitute of even the common necessaries of life, and have suffered great privations, yet I have often sweetly proved the blessed trueness of the Scripture promise, which saith, "The Lord will provide." And, doubtless, he will provide for all those who steadfastly rely on his gracious promises, and humbly trust in his faithfulness and mercy; for many a time He hath sent me seasonable relief, and that, too, in such a time, and from such a source, that I have been led to express myself in language similar to this,

"Lord, thou hast searched me through and through,
And knowest my every need;

And mindful of frail nature too,
Hath given me friends indeed."

And, moreover, the Lord will provide something for his servants, which is far more desirable than temporal enjoyments, that is, He will provide a source of happiness within the hearts of those who love and fear him, which will be like a well of water in them, springing up into everlasting life, insomuch that they may almost constantly feel that pure love, and humble joy, and peace of mind, which passeth all understanding. My health is, at this time, very poor; for many days past my sufferings have been great. My trials are so numerous, and my feelings so varied, that I cannot describe them. I have many trials which no human eye can discover, and which are unknown to the world, but the Lord seeth and knoweth all things. All my afflictions, all my trials, all my sorrows, are known to him. Consoling thought! I will lift up my eyes unto him from whom my help cometh. He hath promised all things shall work together for good

to them that love him, therefore, I feel safe while trusting in his mercy; for the Lord is good, and his mercy endureth for ever. My dear friend, I desire you will remember me in your approaches at the throne of grace. Intercede for me, to have a greater, and yet stronger, faith, more fortitude and patience, and all other needful graces. Please remember me kindly to ——, and be assured I remain,

Your sincere friend,
W. R. Fales.

Portsmouth, April 24th, 1849.

My dear Friend:

The package containing your letters, &c., reached me in good order, for which you will accept of my sincere thanks. How good the Lord is to mix so many mercies with my afflictions! Oh! how can I be sufficiently grateful for all the favours I receive?

The chilling storms of winter have now passed, and welcome spring has again returned. The weather daily is becoming more mild and temperate, and the sweet songs of

the cheerful birds are ascending to their Creator in hymns of grateful praise. As soon as the morning light appears, I catch their artless strains, but cannot arise and go forth to see them: sometimes the sheep and lambs are admitted into the house-yard, to nip the tender grass, and I can hear the sprightly footsteps of the sportive little creatures under my window, but I cannot arise to behold them. Ah, no! I shall no more arise and go forth to tread the soft green grass, nor to view the works of God in nature. No more shall I feast my eyes upon the varied colours of the feathered songsters, nor watch the merry gambolling of the innocent little lambs while playing around their chosen haunts. No more shall I review the well-remembered abodes of my childhood, nor listen to the kind voices of those two old friends who tenderly administered to my wants while I sojourned with them. No more shall I roam through the shady woods, nor climb the lofty hills to survey the pleasing landscape below. Not that I am disposed to complain of my sore privations, or to

murmur at the righteous dispensations of that All-wise Being who, I trust, has in mercy fixed my lot. No, not so. But the returning spring reminds me anew of those days of my early life wherein I was enabled to arise and go forth to inhale the refreshing air of the morning, and in which I could make myself useful various ways. I am also reminded of that pleasant afternoon on which my little busy feet carried me into that fatal pond to which my painful disease can now so easily be traced. Yes! on that afternoon, and at that pond, I found the bane of my earthly happiness. There was laid the foundation of inexpressible suffering; and though twenty-two years have elapsed since the occurrence of that memorable event, yet the scene remains as fresh in my mind as though it was but yesterday. Nearly fourteen years have now passed since the beginning of my present sickness. I little thought then, how great and how various were the trials appointed me, or that my sufferings would continue without intermission until this time; but it is all right; for I have the promise

that all shall work for good to them who love God. Oh, that I could love him more! Oh, that he would give me grace to love and fear him as I ought, and endue me with patience to suffer passively all his holy will, so that, in due time, I may become meet for the kingdom of heaven! Oh, my friend, pray that it may be even so. Sometimes I feel anxious to depart from this world of sorrow, yet I am willing to wait the Lord's time, for he is good to me, and I trust that he will release my poor soul from the shackles of mortality in his own good time, and admit me into the mansions of everlasting rest and peace. Tell —— that the consideration of that interesting passage of Scripture which she mentioned as being applicable to me, has sometimes proved a source of peculiar comfort to my troubled soul. Yes! *the Lord did take me up*, and prove himself to be "*a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.*" Tell her to be of good cheer, for the cup of affliction is undoubtedly administered to us by a fatherly hand, to prove our faith and patience, and to the intent that he may prepare our souls for

the thankful reception of those future enjoyments which he hath laid up in store for all those who endure faithful unto the end. My friend, I feel myself growing weaker and weaker. At times, I am exercised with great pain, especially when I remain too long in one position, and it is difficult for me to lie on my right side; I cannot continue upon it but a little while, before the pain and cramp become so severe that I am forced to cry aloud. But I have no reason to complain, for, though this great debility is very trying, and my pains are ofttimes hard to bear, yet the change in my strength has been so gradual as to be almost imperceptible, and I am favoured with seasons of such comparative ease or relief as to convince me that the Lord will not permit me to suffer one pang more than he sees is needful for my soul. Oh, my friend! for some time past my spirits have been in a state of depression. We are anxiously waiting for the Lord to bless us with an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and I trust we may not wait in vain, for truly the Lord is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-an-

swering God, and is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; but the present is very dark, gloomy, and discouraging. I often think if I had a friend near at hand to whom I might unburden my troubled mind, it would alleviate my sorrows. But, alas! I have no such an one here (except it is the Lord), and in his mercy I will continue to trust. And now, my friend, if we should not meet again in this world of sorrow, let us try to meet in yonder bright world, where sorrow never comes.

WM. R. FALES.

Portsmouth, May 9th, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I have many considerations at heart of which I would be glad to write you, but my mind is so confused that I dare not undertake to describe them. I have many thoughts occur to my mind, which I would gladly express to some kind person who would condescend to edify me by rendering to me the desired explanation. I like to speak of what I feel, but have no confidant at hand to whom

I can reveal the secrets of my heart,—my trials, or whatever burdens or perplexes me. Oh, how I have longed for some true Christian friends, of whom I might either ask their advice, enjoy their sympathy, or share an interest in their prayers; for I think the benefit of such a friendship would prove a very great help and comfort to me; and though I believe you are truly my friend, yet you reside in a distant land, and I cannot speak to you of the things which I might if you were present; nevertheless I consider it a blessing to have some one in this vale of tears disposed to minister the balm of pity to my sorrowing heart. You ask me to tell you something of the Lord's dealings with me, and deeply do I regret my inability to comply with your request to the fullest extent. Gladly would I tell you the whole story of my redemption, and give you an exact account of my singular experience: it would afford me pleasure to give you a regular and correct account of the various trials and conflicts which I have endured, but I find it impossible to recall them to mind in their proper order, be-

cause, during that long period of darkness and trouble wherein I was lying sore bound in the iron grasp of this grim disease, in deep distress, and surrounded by difficulties beyond description, my soul, body, and spirit, were so full of trouble, pain, and sorrow, that I have now but a very imperfect recollection of what passed from day to day at that time. Yes, my ideas are so confused, and my impressions so imperfect concerning my progress, that I cannot delineate aright the trying scenes I passed through, therefore much of my painful experience must remain untold. . . Please remember me kindly to ——, and be assured of the gratitude of your friend,

W. R. F.

June 7th, 1849.—I have been for nearly three weeks past much more unwell than usual, from a bad cold, attended with great soreness of body, pain, and difficulty of breathing. I am tried with a complication of diseases. Besides this, it is a day of great perplexity, a day of clouds, and, at times, thick darkness. Yet I have felt the blessed pro-

mise fulfilled to me, "*When thou goest through the waters, they shall not overflow thee.*" And surely the Lord will lay no more on his poor creatures than his power and goodness will enable them to bear. I now feel much better in body, but my mind is still oppressed, and my way is the way of heaviness. Nevertheless, I trust singly in Jesus, and keep my hope fixed alone upon immortality. . . . . The depressed mind surely demands something greater and higher than the common round of pleasures which this world affords us. It has a desire for higher bliss than that which we find here. In such a situation, is there any consolation equal to that which we may enjoy by drawing nigh unto God?

Devout intercourse with God, and serious meditation on heavenly things, furnish a comfortable relief to him whose mind is sunk down by sadness. He can look up to a Friend above, on whom he can place his trust in every time of need. And in looking up to that blessed place where he expects to find eternal repose, he beholds nothing which he

cannot contemplate with delight, as both joyful and durable.

Portsmouth, June 8th, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Your affectionate letter reached me on the 6th, for which I heartily thank you. Since I last wrote you my health has suffered some very afflicting changes. I have had a heavy cold, and for nearly three weeks my bodily pains have been severe, and almost without intermission. Surely I have had a season of tossing, yet I would not murmur at what the Lord was pleased to have me suffer, nor distrust his goodness; and all thanks be to his holy name who never requireth more than he enables us to perform. For he has seen meet to afford me relief in his own good time. Oh, that I may be grateful for this manifestation of his goodness! Oh! he is good to me; he knoweth whereof I am made, he remembereth that I am dust, He considereth all my weakness, and how true his promise proves to me, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be."

Your good friends, J. W. and daughter, got here on the morning of the 9th, and I was very glad to see them. Truly my spirit was refreshed by their visit, and I heartily returned thanks to my heavenly Father for his loving kindness graciously displayed in thus sending his servants to visit me in my affliction. Oh, his mercy is unbounded, and endureth for ever! They brought me some good books and tracts, which I have found quite interesting, and consider them as tokens of their affection, and, above all, I thank the Lord for disposing them to make such a suitable selection,—Upham's Lady Guyon, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, &c., &c., I become more and more sensible, that poor and unworthy as I am, my heavenly Father is thus mindful of me. *He* has raised me up friends to administer to my wants, and to sweeten the bitter cup of suffering which in mercy He has seen meet I should drink of. I am pleased with my nice wrapper; I have never had one equal to it, and it came at such a right time that it excites in my mind emotions of gratitude to the Source of all good.

The woman to whose care I am entrusted put it on me the next day. I have long since felt desirous to make her, and one or two others, some return for their attentions; but oh! the Lord hath known my heart's desire, and I now have such a manifestation of his goodness, and such evident proof that he orders all things well, that I can leave all my cares in his kind hand, and rely on him daily for all I want. Tell —— to be of good courage, and reckon that the sufferings of this present life are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed hereafter; for if she loves God, no doubt her present afflictions will work out for her a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. G. B. brought a female friend, S. Jones, to see me, on the 12th. It proved a season of sweet refreshment to my troubled soul; and yesterday T. R. H. brought a minister named Sands to see me. Thus you see how good the Lord is to send his servants to visit this lonely spot, and administer the cup of consolation to the tried spirit of one so unworthy as I. Oh! how can I be suffi-

ciently grateful for all the favours which I receive? My health has been so poor that I have not been able to write much of late, feeling very weak, and having numerous difficulties to contend with. I have been carried out in the air once this season; it was on the 17th of May, and I enjoyed the scene considerably. Please remember me kindly to ——, and tell her that the excellent letter and little box which she had the kindness to send me, was received. The letter proved a solace to me, and the articles were truly acceptable. I cannot conclude this letter without thanking you for your interest in my welfare, and assuring you that you will continue to share my feeble petitions at the throne of grace.

I remain, in tender love,

Your unchanging friend,

W. R. Fales.

Finished, June 15th.

July, 1849.—When we seriously consider the uncertainty of time, the nearness of eternity, and what frail beings we are, and

that the great business of life is to act well our part here, and prepare for that solemn change which awaits us, is it not very surprising to behold the majority of mankind, yea, and many of them, too, of the fore-rank of the people, acting the part of "the dog in the manger?" That is, they will not strive to enter in at the strait gate themselves, nor suffer those that would enter to go in. Yes, instead of wisely using the means of grace within their power, and striving to lead a holy life themselves, they diligently use their influence in persuading and withholding others from using them, and in drawing their minds from the contemplation of wisdom and holiness. They take far greater delight in resorting to places of vain amusement than they do in attending places of Divine worship. They have far more inclination to squander their precious time in idleness, than to improve it in storing their minds with useful knowledge, and preparing for eternity. What better can be said of such than that they are engaged in the service of Satan? But ah, there will be a pay-day before long,

for Satan will have a day of reckoning, in order to find out how much he is indebted to them for their services, and when that is fairly proved, he will reward them accordingly. And though it would seem that he is a very punctual paymaster, yet in the sequel it will be found that his servants may have good reason to be dissatisfied with their pay; because, instead of receiving something which will contribute to their comfort, they will find themselves entitled to a seat in the doleful pit of unutterable darkness, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. Well indeed may it be said that "the way of the transgressor is hard;" for surely it is hard here, and indescribably harder hereafter. They will then have an eternity to mourn the loss of earthly privileges, and above all, regret the loss of misspent time. Truly, "the wages of sin is death." When the wicked die or perish, their hopes perish also, for the unregenerate soul hath no hope beyond the grave. Let us not then be found acting the part of the "dog in the manger," for it is brutish and wicked in the extreme.

The dog would not eat the hay himself, nor suffer the ox to eat it. So, when we cannot use the means of grace ourselves, let us not say or do anything to prevent others from using them. When opportunity is not afforded us to perform our religious duties, let us by no means endeavour to prevent others from performing theirs. We are all required to discharge our duty towards God and man, but if there are any so regardless of their future well-being as not to feel anxious to discharge their duties either at home or abroad, let them not add to their guilt by hindering others from doing so. But it surely behooves us all ever to keep in mind the awful uncertainty of time, and the need of diligence in preparing for that never-ending state of being which awaits us. And oh! that none of us may be found in the employ of Satan, lest in the end we reap everlasting sorrow. Yield no more to his temptations, nor be persuaded to do any more of his drudgery, for he is a deceiver, and a poor paymaster. If we steadily resist him, he will flee from us. The days of man are

few and full of trouble. Let us then not be weary in well-doing; let us continue to work out our souls' salvation with fear and trembling, till we are made meet to enter that glorious rest, where sickness and sorrow cometh not, and be made partakers of those endless joys, prepared for the saints from the foundation of the world.

Portsmouth Asylum, July 16th, 1849.

My dear Friend:—

I must tell you that on the 6th of this month I received a visit from your and my dear friend ——, and though she did not stay long, yet my sorrowful heart and drooping spirits were revived and comforted by the visit. She brought me your package, also one from H. R., which was accepted with a grateful heart. I often find myself thinking of her, and sincerely hope that the Lord will preserve her from evil, and bestow upon her his choicest blessings. Since the warm weather, my health has improved a little, though I feel continued weakness and weariness of both body and mind, attended with difficulty

of breathing. However, I have great cause for thankfulness. Of late I have received many undeserved mercies, and have need to be grateful for the measure of health and number of privileges I enjoy, yea! and for my afflictions also; for my afflictions have been the means of leading, or rather driving me to seek an interest in that Saviour whose mighty power is above the powers of hell, and who alone can give rest unto the weary and heavy laden. And although my privations and sufferings are grievous to be borne, yet I trust they have the effect of driving me to the bosom of that God who is the only refuge in times of trouble, and to the arms of that Saviour who hath said, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." Mine is a peculiar allotment; my disorder and circumstances are of a nature that requires much stability and patience,—and oh, it seems to me I must need a vast deal of purifying, or so long a preparation would not have been appointed me. I often think of the great day of retribution, that solemn day wherein we shall have to give an ac-

count of our stewardship, or of the way and manner in which we have improved our time, talents, and privileges, whilst in the body. And though I know not what bitter cups may be preparing for me, nor how long the time of my sojourn on earth may continue, yet I hope that patience may have its perfect work in me, and that I shall be enabled to improve by my afflictions in the way which will most tend to the glory of God. Please remember me kindly to ——, and tell her, she is often the subject of my thoughtful moments, and that I think I can desire nothing better for her and myself, than that we may persist to cling to Him who is the only sure support against all that is evil in life, and all that is terrible in death; and that our present afflictions may be instrumental in working out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

It is now the 21st of the month. Oh! how swiftly time passes away! one day followeth another in rapid succession, still I do not know what time I may be called upon to try the realities of it. I may linger for some

years; but oh! I feel all weakness. I am gradually wasting away, and have an indescribably wretched feeling throughout my whole frame. It is a day of clouds. The Lord is trying me to a hair's breadth. He crosses my wishes and takes away my delights. But no doubt He has good reasons for all that he does, therefore I will never distrust his love nor his wisdom in the mysteries of his Providence—for he says, "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." I keenly feel the truth of the words of our Saviour when he says, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." But the Lord knoweth my solitary situation; all is known to him; and though my trials are great, yet they are mixed with much mercy. I have no dependence but on him, and I see how needful it is for me to lie still in his hands, making it my business to accept of everything as from Him. Please say to J. W. that I desire he will accept my hearty thanks for the nice book-case, the good book, and piece of money which he sent me; I hope the Lord will reward him a thousandfold. Do not

forget me, my dear friend, but remember me in your prayers, for I am, at seasons, so amazed and fearful, that but for the renewed confirming evidence that my God hath not forsaken me, I should indeed faint by the way. Please write as soon as convenient to your sincere and unchanging friend,

WILLIAM.

August 15th.—On the 8th of this month, I was carried out in the air, a little before eight o'clock; the morning was clear and the scene reviving, and for a while I felt refreshed, but from continuing out too long, I became exhausted, so that when I got back to my room I could hardly breathe or speak, and was exercised with severe pain in my left side, which prevented me from sleeping, and for several days I felt exceedingly sore and weak. Indeed, I was brought very low through weakness; but it hath pleased the Lord to revive me again, and prolong my pilgrimage on earth. My pains have considerably diminished, and I am now as comfortable as I was before. This attack seems

to have been the effect of fatigue. I think any one ought to be careful not to exert themselves over-much, as it is dangerous to overtask either mind or body, and there are doubtless many *now* in suffering from imprudently exerting their strength too long at a time.

Portsmouth, September 10th, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

I received your affectionate letter nearly a month ago, and regret that I could not have answered it sooner, but I have had two ill turns since I wrote to you last. My right arm has been so lame as to deprive me of the use of it for a number of days. I could not even feed myself. The flies in my room were, and still are, numerous and troublesome, which renders my situation more distressing, as I find it very hard to keep them off with my poor, feeble left arm. I also find it difficult to keep them off whilst writing; and though my suffering is greatly increased whenever my right arm becomes useless, yet it is the Lord's will that it should

be so, and I believe that my additional sufferings are sanctified to me in a peculiar manner, for I thereby see how easy it is for the Lord to lay his chastening hand still heavier upon me, if he should choose to do so, and remind me anew what a great favour it is to have even the imperfect use of my arms. But oh! the Lord is good and worthy of all honour and praise. He enables me to pass through what is allotted to me, in a wonderful manner. God comforteth those who are cast down, and is the defender of all who put their trust in him. But what my outward situation is, and what the trials of my mind are, none but God knows. The difficulties with which I am surrounded are so perplexing that the continual language of my heart is, "Lord, undertake thou for me!" But I have committed my cause into his hands, and leave all to him, trusting that he will bring my soul out of its troubles in due time; and all glory be given to his great and adorable name, for instead of permitting my trials to be as grating as they would have been once, he enables me in a good

degree to embrace the humiliation, and share with joy his lot, who was counted "a worm and no man," the scorn of men, and the reproach of the people. And now let me thank you for your tender sympathy. I cannot account for it any otherwise, than through the mercy of God. Yes, it is of His mercy! therefore I number my friends among my mercies and comforts in the journey, through, and near the end, of this vale of sorrow and tears.

Had I the wings of a dove, I would fly to you and unburden my poor heavy-laden mind. But I have *one Friend* above all others. *He* is nigh to all who call upon Him in faith, and He has promised that "his grace shall be sufficient for me!" What more can I ask? Oh! the blessing of having a God to trust to! And now, my dear friend, seeing what poor fallible creatures we are, let us pray for one another, that we may be kept steadfast and immovable, on the one true foundation, unto the end, and finally obtain an admission into that glorious city, none of whose inhabitants can

say, "*I am sick.*" Do write when you can. Your letters are a comfort to your deeply afflicted friend,

W. R. Fales.

October, 1849.—Amid all the diversities of circumstances in which we are placed, it is our duty to acknowledge them as the providences of God, and to depend on him, and to implore him to enable us to discriminate between good and evil, and for ability to perform the work which he has evidently designed for us to do; always remembering, that "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all," and "They who sow in tears shall reap in joy." Yes! let us remember it hath been said, "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." This, I conclude, means that all such as are now doomed to spend their days in sorrow or in affliction, amid the most fiery trials, shall, if they trust firmly in the Lord, be brought safely through all their troubles,

rejoicing in the full assurance that they are in the possession of *the pearl of great price*, or such a passport as will obtain for them an abundant entrance into that better country, where all sorrow and disappointment, sickness and pain, will for ever cease, and where they will receive, in endless joys, the full reward for all their afflictions, and all their labours. God does not design that we shall be idle, nor does he design that we should live in despair. By his word, his providence, and the leading of his spirit, he points out the work which he would have each one of us to do, and, for our encouragement, he promiseth to reward every one according to their works. O! then let us believe on him. Let us promptly and cheerfully perform the duty which he assigns to us; let us apply ourselves to do the will of God. He is our maker, our provider, and our preserver; and it is our duty to love and fear him. It is our duty to believe and obey him. It is our duty to depend upon him, to trust in his goodness, his mercy, and his power. Let us then strive to know his will; let us ask him

to enable us to do all things to the promotion of his honour and glory. When trials and difficulties throng our way, and all around us looks so dark and gloomy, that we cannot see how to direct our course, and know not which step to take next, let us not shrink from the obstacles that impede our course, nor be discouraged at the darkness of the path; for, if we offer ourselves up wholly to do God's righteous will, and keep our minds stayed upon his eternal arm of power, we may hear his voice saying unto us, "Be not afraid, for I am with thee, and will guide thee in the right way." "Be not afraid, it is I." Yes! the Lord is nigh unto all those who put their trust in him. He will not suffer any one, that relies upon his goodness and mercy, to be tempted above what they are able to bear. However we may find ourselves in a critical situation, and every human prospect of help hath vanished, we may be assured that his fond eye is watching over us for good, and that his strong and everlasting arms are round, about, and underneath us, for our guard and support.

Even in our greatest extremities, we may recall to mind his precious promises, and hear him (as it were) saying unto us, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands." Let us then trust him, and he will be a refuge for us. Let us remember how tenderly, and in what cheering language, our Saviour addressed his followers, when he said to them, "Fear not, little flock." Let us cast our fears aside, for he is the same Saviour, the same Father, now as ever; and, if we cling unto his precious promises, we shall be carried through all our troubles in due time, for He is abundantly able to deliver us from our enemies, yea, and to make all things come right, and prove for the best, causing them graciously to work together for our good, both here and hereafter.

Portsmouth, November 28th, 1849.

My dear Friend:—

Your letter, which reached me this morning, has come at a time when I am more than commonly cast down; my already trou-

bled soul being plunged into deep distress, by the sad tidings of the death of our dear friend, Anna A. Jenkins. Yes, my soul has been made exceedingly sorrowful by the sad news that that dear friend, and her eldest daughter, were burnt to death on the morning of the 21st.

O, what an appalling calamity! what a striking and mysterious Providence! Truly, the Lord doth move in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform. But why is it that the best, the kindest, the most worthy and useful, are thus suddenly cut off by death? Yes! why is it that his most devoted servants are thus doomed to fall in the midst of their days, and in the midst of their usefulness, whilst the irreligious, and the most unprofitable, are permitted to remain as cumberers of the ground? But so it is, and He is pleased that it should be so. Oh! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! She was one of a thousand. She was truly a friend of humanity and mercy. She was ready for every good work, and a great part of her time was spent

in ministering to the wants of both the souls and the bodies of her fellow-creatures. She was a valuable friend to the poor. She was ever ready to render her counsel and aid to those in distress. I understand that her daughter was accomplished and benevolent. Their scathed remains were interred on the 24th, and a sorrowing community joins in the lamentation. Yes! they are gone for ever, and left weeping relatives and friends to mourn their loss. Fourteen months ago, I saw her for the last time; and, although at parting, we spoke about the uncertainty of our seeing each other's faces in mutability, and expressed a hope that we might meet in heaven, yet little did I then think that it would be *her* instead of *me* that would first be summoned to depart from this evil world. But so it has proved. Surely, death cometh as a thief in the night. Oh, my dear friend! how necessary it is that we should be also ready. Oh! let us live as in the constant view of eternity! Let us keep pressing on towards our heavenly home, and trust in the love of our dear Saviour for all to come.

Since I wrote last, I have been ill with a bad cold and asthma, which was attended with much hoarseness, and a troublesome hacking cough. During three days and nights I was so tried from want of breath, that I do not think I got more than one hour's sleep in the whole time. I then thought, if I could only have sat up in bed, I might get some relief, or that it would be a good thing if I had some slippery-elm or flaxseed tea to drink; and again I felt comforted by the thought that it was "all for the best." That all was right which my Father orders. But through mercy I am now something better, though still a poor, distressed creature. It may emphatically be said that I am a child of afflictions, and an heir of woe; for I have been misfortune's mark ever since I was born, being desolate, forsaken, and alone. Truly, I have but one friend at hand, and that is my God. "Every door seems shut but one, and that is mercy's door." But oh, my friend! it is at present impossible for me to disclose to you the cause of my disquietude, for I am fettered both in limb and

thought. There are some things I wish you to know, which I cannot now write about. . . . . But I have committed my way unto the Lord. He is my hope, my defender, in whom I put my trust; and though I now feel poor and sorrowful, yet I hope that these tribulations will prove as messengers of grace, and that all things will work together for my good, both here and for ever. I endeavour to recollect the blessings which attend my melancholy situation, and strive to raise my heart from sorrow to gratitude and humble praise. All my help is in clinging to the will of God. He is able to dispel my present darkness, and deliver me out of my troubles in his own good time. Then, my dear friend, let us ask him to grant us help according to our necessities, and enable us to keep a firm confidence in his promises; above all, let us beseech him to keep alive our soul's desire after enjoyments pure and unchangeable, and be our guide and guard to the end, and then all will be well.

Affectionately, your friend,

W. R. F.

Portsmouth, December 5th, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Your bundle arrived safely at the Asylum on the morning of the 30th ult. I received it as coming from the Lord of mercies and God of all comfort. Oh! I can never enough bless and praise him for the great favour he hath done in raising up helpers for such a poor worm in the day of his adversity. My friend G. B. was here on the last monthly meeting day. He has shown me much kindness, therefore his visits are anticipated with pleasure, and remembered with gratitude. T. R. Hazard has not visited me since July. He is a kind and good friend to me. He is indeed a man of sympathies, and a friend to the poor. Perhaps, in process of time, he may know about how it is with me. It is a trying day, and the sorrows of my heart are enlarged. Oh, how could I be sustained under them without religion? Surely it is a comfort to know that my Redeemer liveth, to whom all such weary and heavy-laden creatures as I am may have recourse in every time of need, and though clouds and

darkness surround both soul and body, yet I have an unshaken belief that Christ will in due time appear in my behalf, and deliver me from all them that trouble me, yea, and grant me a happy issue out of all my afflictions. This is my support, this is my anchor! There are three things which I do most fervently desire the Lord will grant me. The first is, that he will be pleased to make me meet for the kingdom of heaven. The second is, that I may retain my reason unto the end; and the third is, that my last days or hours may be spent under the care of some Christian friends. Oh, if I were only under the care of those who worship the Father in spirit and in truth, I could then pass in cheerful contentment the time, whether longer or shorter, during which my existence may be prolonged. But the Lord's will be done. I will leave all to him, and lie patiently in his hands, assured that he will do all things well. I wish to be affectionately remembered to ——. You are both very kind to me, and though I need every possible facility to help me in my onward and upward way, yet,

I cannot see how either of you can aid me in any other manner than you have already done. I would not have you do anything for me contrary to the will of God. I desire and trust that you will not do anything for me, without first making it a subject of serious, prayerful consideration, and then all will be right. Please give my love to R. C., and say to her, that I am still in the furnace, which at times seems intolerably hot, and that I desire her to make particular prayers for me. It is now the 12th of the month;—another year has almost gone, and we are so much nearer eternity. Yes, my friend, death and eternity seem very near. I feel my soul much affected by the thought of seeing the beginning of another year. Perhaps it will be the last with me, and it may be the last with you. Oh, may we live each moment as if we were sure it would be so.

Yours, affectionately,

W. R. Fales.

January, 1850.—Another year has now passed away. Yes, 1849 is gone, and 1850

indeed come. And I have lived to behold the dawn of another year! But shall I see its close? If I should, I hope it will prove the happiest of my life. Not the happiest because of an increase of earthly enjoyments, nor because of a decrease in trials and afflictions, for that would be vain; but the happiest, from the enjoyment of pure, vital religion.

Although, in reviewing the past year, I find a great deal to call up painful thoughts, yet there has been much to excite pleasurable emotions, and feelings of gratitude.

A kind Providence has showered blessings upon me with a liberal hand, and my heart has been made glad through his abundant goodness, for all of which may I ever lift up my heart unto God with thanksgiving and praise. For though still suffering on a bed of languishing, yet the Lord manifests his tender care for me in many ways. He enables my patience to triumph over my pains, and favours me from day to day beyond what I can express. But this world is not my home. Soon the lamp of life with me will cease to burn, and I shall go to that land

from which I shall never return. Time is hastening on, and death may come at any moment. Oh, then, may I wisely improve the remnant of my days in a preparation for eternity, and be found watching whenever the Son of man cometh, remembering the injunction, "Be ye also ready."

Middletown, R. I., January 5th, 1850.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Having written to you last month, I should have waited your answer before writing again; but since it is allowed that circumstances alter cases, I think that the circumstances under which I now write you, afford me a good reason for being in so much hurry to address you again. But, oh! how shall I begin? or, rather, how shall I proceed? In what manner shall I express my long pent-up feelings? My heart is so full that I do not know what to express first, nor how to express it. Oh, this is *too much*, and *too good*, for poor unworthy me! I think you will understand what I mean by saying *too much* and *too good*, for doubtless

you are aware already that I have recently met with a change in my situation, and such a change as I can fully appreciate. Surely the 28th of last month was an eventful day to me, for on that day I was removed from the Asylum, and though I felt loth to accept the kind offer, on account of my entire unworthiness, yet I plainly saw the hand of Providence in it, and thought it would be wrong to refuse so desirable a change. My friend T. R. H. told me that you had desired him to procure a place for me in a private family, where I might have things that were convenient, and receive proper attention. Accordingly, I was removed on the 28th, and bore the ride much better than I had expected. Surely, my friend, this is "the Lord's doing, and marvellous in my eyes."

I feel my spirit clothed with humility, gratitude, and thankfulness to the great Author of all good for the blessings he hath so graciously bestowed upon me, and more especially for this last wonderful display of his goodness and tender care. Surely the Lord has done great things for me, whereof

I am glad. I have had such proofs of his faithfulness as has given me cause of humble thankfulness and living praise. Oh! how true it is, that "the Lord will provide." I am now in a house with three other inmates, a widow woman, her daughter, and an aged aunt. I have a comfortable room, with windows looking towards the south and east. I have my bed made every day, and my wants properly attended to, by the kind widow and her amiable daughter. R. C. is a woman acquainted with sickness and sorrow, having lost a kind husband last July, who had suffered with a painful disease for above eighteen months. She has three daughters, all of whom are steady members of the Baptist Church. It appears that the mother has also chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her, and that her trust is stayed on Him whose love is unchanging, and who defendeth the cause of the widow. Be sure and give my thanks to all those who have aided you in the promotion of my comfort. And now, my friend, let us continue to look unto Jesus, the author and finisher of

our faith, for the counsel and strength which can alone enable us to hold out to the end in well-doing. May the Lord bless you with his choicest blessings, both now and for ever, is the sincere desire of your afflicted friend,

W. R. Fales.

January 18th, 1850.

The remarkable Day—The Removal—A Great Change—Trials over-ruled for good—A merciful Deliverance—The bitter cup sweetened—The Lord my Helper.

Surely the 28th of last month was a remarkable day to me. It proved a very eventful period in my history, for on that day, through the kindness of my good friend T. R. H., I was removed from the Portsmouth Asylum, in which I had resided during the last three years and five months. My mind was much tried with the prospect of being removed, but the day was pleasant, and I was enabled to bear the ride much better than I had expected, for which I felt humbly thankful. On arriving at my new home, a distance of about five miles, I was kindly received by the good woman who was engaged

to take the charge of me, and from whom I have received very kind treatment ever since. She continually endeavours to do all in her power to render my situation as comfortable and agreeable as possible. I find that I have met with a favourable change—a desirable change—such a change as I had long felt the need of. Indeed, my feelings have undergone a great change since I left the poor-house. The sufferings and privations which I endured for many years before I went there, and whilst there; the hardships I had to contend with, and withal the many difficulties which had hitherto been in the way of my spiritual enjoyments, all, all, are truly indescribable. Indeed, I think I can fully appreciate the value of such a kindness received from my Philadelphia friends. I cannot repay them for the benefits which they have bestowed upon me, but the Lord is abundantly able to repay them for this charity, and I trust they will be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. They have been the instruments in the Lord's hands of procuring me this good home,—a much better

home than I deserve; for here I have every attention paid to my necessities, and can be as quiet as I like. I am blessed with plenty of good books to read, and everything around me is quiet, comfortable, and convenient. I am much more commodiously situated now than I have ever been before since the beginning of my sickness, and enjoy a state of comfort which I never expected in this life. Oh! how signal and remarkable have been the Lord's merciful dealings with me, a poor creature not worthy of the least of his mercies. I have had many proofs of his love and faithfulness, and oh! I can never thank him enough for his mercy in delivering me from the wrongful dealings of the ungodly, and bringing me safely to this good home. Oh, how changeful my life hath been! The path along which I have journeyed has been thus far chequered indeed. Many, many great and deep sorrows have I seen, and many long and fiery trials have I endured. I have long since tasted a sufficiency of the bitter cup of life to convince me that there is nothing certain here. I am fully aware of

the fleeting nature of all earthly things; and although I have now met with a great and good change in my condition, yet I live in constant expectation of yet another change, which will be far more remarkable, and, I trust, better than any of the changes which hitherto have happened to me. I mean my great, my final change; the change which must take place, sooner or later, whenever I am called to go through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and to pass out of time into eternity. It will be a great and solemn change indeed. What change could be greater than to leave mortality for immortality? a temporal abode in time for an everlasting abode in eternity? For this world is not to be my abiding home: I am only placed here for a little season, that I may prepare for a better state hereafter. And though I have now found a good earthly home, yet I am seeking another and a still better one above, my last and long home,—a home beyond the skies—a heavenly home—a peaceful home—where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Oh, Lord! do thou

enable me to spend the remainder of my days in preparing for that home. Oh, enable me to prepare for that last change, and then, even should my time of probation be prolonged, and years of suffering be added to the number already passed, yet "all the days of my appointed time will I wait, until my change come."

It may here be remarked that William had not requested a removal from the Almshouse. It was a voluntary offer on the part of his friends, many of whom, though personally unknown to him, were not strangers to his peculiar trials. Poverty had inured him to hardships, and he looked only to death as a relief from his varied sufferings. But He who had thus apportioned the bread of adversity, and given him to drink largely of earthly sorrow, was now pleased to change the dispensation of his love, while yet

"Hope's precious pearl in sorrow's cup
Unmelted at the bottom lay;
To shine again, when all drunk up,
The bitterness should pass away."

On this occasion he writes to his friends in the following manner:

TO MY PHILADELPHIA FRIENDS.

THE POOR CRIPPLE'S GRATITUDE FOR BENEVOLENT ACTS.

Afflictions protracted and severe have brought me to be acquainted with God, and to feel grateful to him for all the blessings bestowed upon me. Help in time of need, and deliverance from temporal troubles, not only excites my gratitude to the Lord for his goodness, but also to the instruments of his mercies. Of late I have been brought under renewed obligations to my great Creator and Benefactor, for disposing your hearts to contribute to the wants of his very unworthy but poor afflicted creature. And now permit me, my dear friends, in addressing you, to address directly *all* who have so kindly and generously contributed to my support and comfort, and to return to you all my most sincere and grateful thanks. I believe it will be gratifying to your sympathizing minds to know that you have afforded effectual relief to a poor, tried, and weary suf-

ferer. I appreciate your kindness. The favour which you have conferred on me was just such as I inexpressibly needed. Oh, that my gratitude may be equal to my blessings both to the great Author thereof, and to those individuals through whom they have been received. I somehow feel so lowly and dependent, that it seems to me I have no right to the enjoyment of these added comforts and privileges, and I can reconcile it in no other way than by the consideration and belief that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," and therefore it is his right to dispose of his blessings unto whom and in whatever manner He pleases, and that it is indeed through a favourable turn in his providence that this good home has been provided for me in the time of my extremity; yes, it is to the Lord I trace the boon of this pleasant home with its attendant comforts. That the Lord bless and reward you an hundred-fold in this world, and with everlasting happiness hereafter, is the desire of your deeply indebted friend,

W. R. Fales.

February, 1850.—It is good policy for man to provide for the winter of life in the summer of his existence. Let him not only collect such supplies, or make such provision, as are indispensable at the present time, but also a sufficiency besides, in case he become disabled by sickness, or by adverse fortune. But whatever he provideth let him do it honestly, and never be selfish or miserly, so as to neglect his duty to his fellow-beings. Let him learn to live not for himself alone, but for the good of mankind. Let him learn to contrast his situation with those who are worse off than himself, and to sympathize with the afflicted. Let him cultivate a benevolent disposition, and "To do good and to distribute forget not." Let him kindly remember the poor, and endeavour to multiply their comforts, for "Blessed is he that considereth the poor," and "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth."

In short, let him ever keep in mind and practise that great and golden rule, which says, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

February, 1850.—I have lately had a very distressing turn of lameness in my left arm, which was so painful, that I had but little rest day or night. On the afternoon of the 3d, I was visited by several kind neighbours, who expressed much sympathy for me. One of them, J. S., said that he felt sorry to see me so afflicted, and would gladly do anything to relieve me. But I told him I considered it good for me to be afflicted in this manner, and had no doubt that it would prove all for the best in the end, and that, although hard to bear, yet I was willing to drink of the bitter cup, and undergo whatever the Lord was pleased to lay upon me, believing that it is in mercy He afflicts us, therefore I trusted that I should be relieved from the pain which I was then suffering, and a sweet release from all my suffering granted me in due time. Towards evening the pain increased, and I had the prospect of another sleepless night, but that All-wise Providence, who orders all things well, designed it otherwise, for the good minister knelt beside my

bed, and made a prayer in my behalf, and I do believe that prayer was heard and answered, for in about an hour I became so much relieved that I got some refreshing sleep in the course of the night, and though my arm was weak and sore for many days, yet through mercy it gradually regained its accustomed strength, so that I can now use it as well as I did before the attack. Oh, what a great calamity it is to be deprived of the use of our arms! What can we do for ourselves without them? There are so many things which we can do much better for ourselves than any one can do for us, and we require many attentions which it is humiliating to be obliged to receive from others, therefore it is a distressing calamity when thus made dependent upon others for all we need done for our comfort. The fact is, we know not the *true worth* of an arm until we have felt *the want* of it, neither do we know how dearly to prize the blessings which surround us, until we are deprived of them. People do not generally consider how much

they have to be thankful for, though surrounded by mercies on every side. Since I have been lying on a sick-bed, I have been made sensible of my own. I perceive that as my common mercies occur every hour, just so every hour ought to call forth gratitude and praise. And though both of my arms are poor, distorted, weak things at the best, yet I have found them a great deal better than none; for, deformed and clumsy as they are, they are a great help and a comfort to me, and through mercy I have never been deprived of the use of both at once, which I think a wonderful favour, and though I have much to weigh me down, yet I will not let it prevent me from being thankful for the benefits I still enjoy. It is good for me that I have been afflicted, for since I have been in the furnace I have learned to look around me, and number my mercies, and I have indeed found the Lord to be more gracious to me than I had faith to believe.

Portsmouth, April 9th, 1850.

My dear Friend:

Your truly welcome letter came to hand about two weeks ago, and I should have written sooner but was obliged to delay my answer until now on account of being so unwell. My rheumatism has been raging more than usual the past month, much of the time my arm being so lame that I could not write or even feed myself. It has been a trying time, indeed, but I have found the Lord's promises sure. He has told me that his grace is sufficient for me, and I have found it so; for although in his providence he has seen fit to lay his chastening hand upon me more heavily than usual, yet I still feel that He has not forsaken me. He is a very present help in every needful time. All praise is due to his holy name. I doubt not, my friend, you have heard that I have now my *new bedstead.* It is so rightly planned and nicely made that it suits me exactly. It is of such light materials that it only weighs 43 pounds, and is so constructed that it can be raised and

lowered at pleasure, by feet attached to it so as to be folded up underneath when not in use. I think I shall derive much satisfaction in looking through the window and beholding the green fields, trees, vines, and pretty birds, and being moved from one room to another, but I have been so long accustomed to looking at so short a distance as the four walls of my room, that it is difficult for me to discern objects at a greater distance. I hope to be enabled to give you a description of the scenery around my new home when summer comes. We have had a mild and very favourable winter, though we are now having rather a cold spring. But few birds have appeared yet. I listened to the feeble song of a lonely robin this morning, but its sweet voice was soon silenced by the falling snow. Yes, it has been snowing to-day, the 12th, whilst I am writing with flowers in full bloom upon the table. The winter was so warm that on the 4th of this month a hardy bright yellow lily, nearly in full bloom, and another opening bud, with a sprig of box, were brought into my room and placed in water,

and in a pot beside them was a bush of deep red roses, which most beautifully contrasts with the yellow lilies, and withal makes a very pleasing appearance. Perhaps you will think I am childish in thus giving you such a minute account of my flowers, but I am so fond of trees, plants, and flowers, that I cannot help speaking about them. I look at them and love to think of His goodness, who was so kind to make them for us to enjoy. Nothing affords me greater pleasure than to think, hear, and talk of God, his wonderful works and heavenly things. Oh! how great and wise is the Lord; how good and kind he is to his creature man. He is the author of all good, and the giver of everything we enjoy. He sent his Son to save us, who became poor that we might be rich. He hath done great things for me: he came to my relief when I was in trouble, and raised me up friends to contribute to my necessities, and though still doomed to spend my days upon a bed of languishing, yet I hope I shall never be unmindful of the great Author and Bestower of the privileges and blessings which

I receive, for I have many more than I deserve. My attendants are very kind; they seem desirous to increase my comforts as much as they can, and make my time pass as agreeably as possible.

Now, since you wish to know what reading I am engaged in at this time, I may tell you that my friend T. R. H. brought me some months ago a parcel of papers and periodicals, chiefly "The Friend," "Friends' Review," and the "Non-Slaveholder," which contain much interesting information, and some of our neighbours have brought me others, such as "The Christian Herald," "Christian Times," and a book entitled "*No Cross, no Crown*," and another giving an account of a mission to the Nestorians. Thus you see that I have a considerable variety of reading. I have also a number of good books of my own, some of which are so comforting and strengthening that I love to peruse them again and again. You cannot conceive how much comfort and benefit I derive from that precious little volume you sent me of "Religious Poetry." I saw an account some time since of a little

work published by the American Sunday School Union, "*Life in Earnest*," which, from its title and recommendation, seems to be an excellent book. Have you ever read it? I should like to procure a few more tracts for circulation. If you should have an opportunity of sending a package, a few Friends' tracts, such as you may think best calculated to awaken a religious concern in the minds of the people, would be useful. I earnestly wish that you may some day see me in my new habitation. Please remember me to J. W. and his daughter, also to H. R. Do, my friend, write often!—Time is short, eternity near. Let us pray for each other. May the Lord continue to be your friend and helper. May He grant you faith and strength to finish to his glory all the work He has given you to do, so that you may end your days in peace, and receive the approbation of "*well done*" from your gracious Master, is the fervent desire of your affectionate friend,

WILLIAM R. FALES.

April, 1850.—Oh, how shall I render to my God a suitable return for all his favours! but though my debt to him is very great, yet I can give him that which he requires—my whole heart! Yes, Lord! I dedicate anew my heart to thee, and commit my way and my every concern into thy hands, and, henceforth, try to live nearer to thee than I have done before. For why should I withhold anything from thee, or wander from thy commands, when thou art so good and kind to me, one of the least, yet most unworthy, of all thy flock. Thou hast been far better to me than my fears, and shown thyself more gracious than my belief. Thou hast supported me under all my burdens, and brought me through the deep waters in a wonderful manner. It is through thy mercy alone, that I have a comfortable home, and am so kindly cared for and supported, therefore, I ought to praise thee for ever, and be thine continually.

The following essays, "What is our duty?" "Be not discouraged," &c., are without date,

yet being found amongst the private papers of W. R. F., and in his own handwriting, they are inserted as his adopted sentiments, though we cannot feel certain of their authority. He may have designed them for publication in one of the periodicals for which he had felt interested in procuring subscribers.

As agent for "The American Tract Society," his accounts were satisfactorily closed, and, in allusion to this and some other duties, he says, "I am willing to sacrifice some of the comforts of life, for the exalted privilege of doing something for Him who has done so much for me. There is no one so low, as to be unable to do some good, and by doing good to others, we are blest ourselves."

WHAT IS OUR DUTY?

Every person should live to some purpose, to some good purpose. He that lives to no good purpose, lives to a bad purpose. For no man is so insignificant, that he can be sure his example will do no hurt. The great question is, how so to live in this world as to

enjoy heaven hereafter. There is no other path of safety beside the path of duty. *It is our duty* to make the most of our time, talents, and opportunities. *It is our duty* to use all the influence in our power to promote that which is good, and abolish that which is evil. *It is our duty* to be continually asking ourselves *how* and *when* can I best perform what I owe to the community as a citizen, and to the world as one of its humble instruments, in carrying on and effecting its great and important purposes? and in what way can I best promote the general or the special good of those around me? *It is our duty* to trust in the Lord for grace, at all times, and return thanks to him for all his mercies. Our motto should ever be,—I will try to do my duty to-day, and trust God for grace to do it to-morrow. *It is our duty* to be anxious for the best welfare, and attentive to the happiness, of our fellow-creatures. There is no joy like that which springs from a right kind action. Perform a good deed, speak a kind word, and bestow a pleasant smile, and we shall

receive an abundant reward. The chief happiness of mankind consists in making others happy, and there is a loveliness in doing right.

BE NOT DISCOURAGED.

Never be discouraged at disappointment, nor because your expectations are not realized according to your desires. If your heart is set upon doing good, the Lord will grant success to your labours, in such measure as he sees will best answer his purpose concerning you. The duties of a life are not to be done in a day. Each duty has a space of time allotted for its performance, together with a precious promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee." God takes time to work. He is in no hurry; therefore, be not discouraged because of difficulties or seeming impossibilities, but go cheerfully forward, step by step and moment by moment, always bearing in mind the true word of promise, that "in due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

Mankind are apt to value themselves upon a proficiency in the sciences, but there is *one science* worth more than all the rest, and that is the science of living well. There are many ways by which we may promote our own welfare, and the welfare of our fellow-creatures; but there is no way by which we can do more good to ourselves, or to others, than by living a holy life. A man may possess great attainments, and arrive at great perfection in all the arts, except the art of living well, and, by not having learned this, he lacks the one thing needful to insure his own best interest, and also the most efficacious means of promoting the welfare of his fellow-beings. There is no science, no attainment, that can contribute more to our happiness than that of leading a holy life. There is a moral omnipotence in holiness. Precept and command may be disregarded, argument may be resisted, persuasion, entreaty, and warning may be scorned, but the exhibition of a holy life has a power that nothing can withstand. The seen, but silent beauty of holiness is more effectual to re-

strain vice, and raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, argument, persuasion, or warning; for no sophistry can elude it, no conscience can ward it off. The beauty of holiness will do more to regenerate the world, and bring in everlasting righteousness, than all other agencies put together. Then let us cultivate the science of living well, for this is of more value than all the rest. This will remain when tongues shall cease and knowledge vanish away. It is believed that Christianity itself owes far the greater part of its moral power, not to the precepts nor parables of Christ, but to his own fair and virtuous example, which is so simply and beautifully described in the New Testament.

"To do his Heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight,
Whilst love, humility, and holy zeal,
Shone through his life divinely bright."

There is a beauty in holiness, which, although the wicked openly condemn, they cannot help secretly admiring. There is a

beauty in holiness of such power, that although the wicked may generally detest and oppose it, yet they are frequently forced irresistibly to imitate. There is no beauty in sin. Sin always looks homely, dark, and hateful. Sin has no bright side; both sides are dark. A person may be beautiful in the sight of the world, yet, if they are sinful, they are homely in the sight of God; for there is nothing homely with God but sin. Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. What hope can he have beyond the grave? What other prospect can he have for the future, than a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which are to come hereafter?

Ungodliness may prosper for a season, but the end corrects the mistake, and proves to the sinner, in an awful manner, the truth of the Scripture declaration, that "The way of the transgressor is hard."

TO PUBLISHERS.

Since the position of publishers is so prominent, and their responsibilities so great, we would suppose that they would earnestly endeavour to secure a good moral character. For without virtue they cannot be respected, and without integrity they cannot rise to distinction and honour. But they deceive themselves if they think they will have the respect of the good and the wise, as long as they continue to swell the tide of sin by flooding the country with poisonous reading. The publishing of bad books is an accursed traffic, and they who devote their time to this sinful work are the ringleaders of the immoral and profane. Therefore, as long as they pursue this erratic course, they cannot be entitled to the respect of the wise and the good, nor worthy of their trust.

Howard, the philanthropist, was once seen

significantly to button up his coat in the neighbourhood of a printing-office, where he heard profane language, remarking that he always did this, where he heard swearing. Any one who can take God's name in vain, can also steal, or do anything else bad. And they who devote their time to the manufacture of such articles as have a direct tendency to corrupt the public morals, or fill the world with crime and misery, may be regarded as enemies to both God and mankind. Yea! such are the worst sort of thieves, for they rob their fellow-creatures of their precious time; they take money for that which is good for nothing, for that which robs people of their virtue. Publishers are most efficient instruments of either good or evil. They exert an unbounded influence over those who read their works. They make impressions which when weighed in the balance of eternal justice will decide the scale of condemnation or approbation. A few corrupt or unadvised words fixed on paper, may lay the foundation of the eternal woe of thousands. Oh! great

will be the guilt of the conductors of the corrupt press.

May it not be said of any of us, that we countenance the circulation of a trashy, polluting literature, by holding our peace and saying nothing against it. Should not every Christian, every lover of truth and virtue, be diligent in using their efforts to put down the corrupt press, and thereby abolish from the land this species of vice and immorality?

The way to vice lies down hill; we move swiftly and without stopping to look behind us, until we find ourselves in a very dangerous position. To our indescribable horror we see that sin perpetuates itself, and that its influence is beyond all calculation. Reader, stop and examine your ways; see if you are not in the down-hill path which leadeth to eternal ruin. Oh! take heed to your ways betimes, and beware of the broad, down-hill road. Remember that the path of safety is strait and narrow, and leads upward.

Middletown, June 16th, 1850.

My dear Friend:—

Yours of the 27th of last month reached me two weeks ago, and the day before yesterday your package of books arrived perfectly safe; the books and letters were all in good order. It was a feast day to my soul, and I could but exclaim, "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!" Oh! what a glorious, kind, and gracious Lord he is! How clearly is seen his watchful and tender care over me. I am a poor unworthy creature, and yet how merciful the Lord is to me. He has made strangers to become as father, mother, brothers, sisters and friends, and provides me with every needful good. Although my sufferings have been extreme, for the greater part of my life, yet the Lord was pleased to hear my cry in the day of trouble, and hath shown me wonderful loving kindness. He has proved himself my unfailing Helper. Oh what a precious comforter he is! Surely his mercy endureth for ever! I sincerely hope you will be able to pay me a visit some

time soon. Perhaps my desire to see you may arise too much from selfishness, but I cannot refrain from wishing that you might be able to see how much more comfortably I am situated than when you saw me at first. How grateful should I be! How undeserving of such friends, and to be so tenderly cared for as I am. Words cannot express the gratitude I feel for all these benefits and mercies. The books, tracts, &c., were very acceptable to me. I consider them all excellent indeed. That is one of the best of books, which —— sent me, "Songs in the Night." It is one of the most lovely books I ever saw, and admirably adapted to all such as are in my circumstances. I shall prize it very highly, and thank her for it most sincerely. The little book my new friend sent me, is a beautiful and comforting little book, an excellent and desirable book, well calculated to be useful to the troubled soul, "*Thoughts of Peace.*" How precious is peace! What is more desirable, or what should be more eagerly sought after, than true peace? What is more to be prized

than that peace which passeth all understanding? Tell that dear friend I am well pleased with her present, and desire her to accept a thousand thanks for it. I should like to see all those dear friends who have been so much interested for me. I love them all; there is not one of them but I connect some pleasant thought, some peculiar loveliness with their forms and voices. They have greatly endeared themselves to me by their kindness. May the blessings of Heaven rest upon them, and their liberal souls be made fat in the riches of God's grace. My bodily sufferings were greater than common for the most of last month. The rainy weather we had at the time was very unfavourable to my disease; many of my joints were badly swollen, and extremely sore, so that I had much pain throughout my whole frame; but since the warm weather my health has been improving a little, and I feel thankful for so much relief, that I can now take considerable sleep in the night. I seldom allow myself to sleep in the day-time; I can't afford the time to do so. Time is

precious, and swiftly passing away. Diligently go ahead, onward, and upward in the narrow way, should be our motto. I am striving to do what I can in the vineyard of the Lord, and have been favoured of late with some opportunities for doing good. In connexion with tract circulation, I have been engaged for the last six weeks in making efforts to circulate religious books by sale and by gift, and have met with considerable success therein. Perhaps you will like to hear how this has been brought about. Well, let me tell you, that some three months since I addressed a letter to an agent of "The American Tract Society," giving some account of my situation, &c., and informing him that I had long felt desirous to do something for the Lord in the way of book circulation. Something towards building up the good cause. That I was anxious to do all in my power to aid in the diffusion of religious knowledge, and if the Society would furnish me with books to sell, when I could, and to give when it was necessary, I was at their service, and would gladly try to do what I

could towards circulating printed truth. The proposal was accepted, a bundle of good books and some Christian almanacs was sent me, estimated at about $14 00, besides tracts and Sabbath Manuals, solely for gratuitous circulation. These were accompanied by a kind note from the agent, authorizing me to sell at the stated prices, or to give, as I might think proper, to those who are in need, and requesting me to send to him for more at any time when I might have occasion. I am also trying to obtain subscribers for "The American Messenger," and have obtained the names of seven. But to make a long story short, I will only add, that I have sold thirty volumes, granted some, and loaned some. D. P. has just dropped in, and bought three pretty pocket manuals, two of which are entitled Dewdrops, and one Heavenly Manna. They are suited to be useful for every day in the year. I love to be employed in doing good; it affords a peculiar sweetness to my soul. My valued friend T. R. H. calls to see me often. He shows me great kindness, and I look upon him as a

sort of parent. Some of his land joins our meadow only a few rods from this house. It is devoted mostly to pasturage. He generally keeps a great many sheep, sometimes six hundred. It is very amusing to see the sportive little lambs gambolling upon the rocks before my window. I am now looking out at the door, and 'tis pleasant indeed. Do come and see me, my dear friend, and enjoy for awhile the benefit of our invigorating and healthful climate.

June 26th.—As I do not see how I shall have an opportunity of sending my letter into town for several days, I will inform you that since my last I have had some news from the Asylum. Poor old Joseph, I understand, has had fits, and was laid upon the bed in the same little room which I used to occupy. He had two slight fits whilst I was there. Poor old man, his privations are many and sore indeed; may the Lord be his helper. He is forsaken in old age, and left poor, blind, and friendless in a cold and unfeeling world, with no one to look to for

comfort, nor to cheer him whilst groping on his way in darkness; in short, with no man to care for his soul. I often think of him, and wish it were in my power to minister to his necessities. Oh, what a dreadful calamity it is to be blind! Let us be thankful for our eyesight, and pray that those who are deprived of it may be enabled to reach that better country where they, and all that are there will "see as they are seen," and behold the beautiful paradise of God for evermore. I have had the headache so bad for four days past, that I can hardly see to guide my pencil. I have a great deal more to say to you which I cannot write now. E. is just starting for town, and I must seal my letter, as I wish to send it by her. *Peace be with you!*

Your affectionate friend,

W. R. Fales.

This letter brings to a conclusion the memorandums of William R. Fales. It is, probably, one of the last efforts of his feeble pencil, *the headache* to which he alludes

being the precursor of an illness which, in about two weeks, terminated his earthly sufferings. T. R. H. saw him on the 31st, and finding him indisposed, sent for a physician. In less than a week his situation became critical, a drowsiness coming on, with other alarming symptoms; and he was for several days unconscious of what was passing around him: at which time, 7 mo. 7th, his friend T. R. H. writes, "William still continues very ill. I sat up with him last night, and thought him failing very fast. The doctor thinks that forty-eight hours will determine the event of the disease. It is extremely doubtful if he recover, but it is a satisfaction to know that he has the best of medical advice, and that his nurses are indefatigable in their care and attention. If he dies, I think it will be a happy exchange for him. His sufferings on earth have been great, his faith strong, and his love of heavenly things sincere, and I believe that a recompense will not be withheld by his Heavenly Father."

After his death T. R. H. again writes,— "Wm. R. Fales died on the morning of the

14th inst., about a quarter before 10 o'clock. Much of the two weeks previous to his departure he lay in a stupor, his mind at times wandering, though at intervals entirely sensible, during which periods he appeared to be resigned to die, and was frequently engaged in prayer. Upon one occasion, he told me that the Lord had wonderfully sustained him. He was then very low, and lamented to me the irritability of his nature, saying, that 'it was required of the Lord's children to be pure in heart, and that was a great thing to attain unto.' He continued awhile in this strain, at which time a Baptist Minister of the neighbourhood and myself were present, and both remarked to him that we did not think the nervous irritability caused by his suffering would be imputed to him as sin, which only became heinous in the Divine sight when it was presumptuous. In a day or two afterwards he told me, in much simplicity, that things had changed with him; and that the Lord had comforted him. His language seemed as if applied to some earthly person, rather than to the Al-

mighty, and thinking I might be mistaken, or misunderstand him, I remarked, 'You mean the minister has been with you again?' at which his countenance lit up with an expression between a smile and that of surprise, and he replied, '*No; it was the Lord!*'

"About an hour before his decease he was engaged in audible, fervent prayer, and his close was apparently without pain, dying (as his nurse expressed it) upwardly, his breath growing shorter and shorter, until the spirit left. His remains were decently interred in Friends' burial-ground at Newport. Some forty persons collected at the house on the occasion, and he was followed to the grave by M. H. B. and wife, M. W., G. B., and myself. I think there is no cause to regret his death, believing that he is removed from a world of trouble and suffering, to eternal peace with his Father in heaven."

Another correspondent, alluding to his departure, says,—

"I attended the funeral of W. R. Fales, at which time our friend, M. H. B., rehearsed the Scripture passage, 'The rich man died

and was buried; the poor man also died, and was carried by angels to rest in Abraham's bosom,' very feelingly alluding to the evidences of faith which he had heard from the lips of the deceased. The neighbours gazed with interest on his lifeless remains. His countenance was interesting, very youthful and tranquil. There was none of that rigidity of the muscles which formerly told so plainly the story of his sufferings. His Heavenly Father had seen meet to remove him from a state of uncommon suffering to rejoice in the realms of bliss; and happy for him that he has been thus spared a long and painful illness, in addition to the protracted disease which, through the influence of divine grace, had disciplined and prepared his chastened spirit for an inheritance so glorious."

Such is the acknowledgment of one who had seen him amid the comforts and privileges of his new home, and here follows the testimony of his faithful attendants, R. C. and daughter; they who had been with him in hours of suffering, and nursed him during the last seven months of his earthly sojourn. In

a joint letter, dated 9 mo. 14th, 1850, they say,—

"During the time that W. R. Fales lived with us, the great aim of his life seemed to be, *to do good*, and the salvation of souls was ever on his mind. Religion was his theme to all. It was the last subject upon retiring to rest, and the first when entering his room in the morning. He appeared to have a true sense of what a Christian ought to be, and seemed concerned for his future welfare. His Heavenly Father's goodness unto him, he used to say, was very great, and his own unworthiness he would speak of with deep humility. If he ever uttered what he thought a word of complaint, he would acknowledge it with sorrow, and pray for patience and support unto the end, which was granted him. We would hear him sometimes in the long watches of the night (when he could not sleep), repeating a hymn, or in audible communion with his God. The last words he uttered were in prayer, a short time before he closed his eyes in death."

It is to be regretted that we have no

record of *those last words* which trembled on his dying lips; yet, we trust, sufficient evidence has been furnished that, through redeeming mercy, his suffering spirit was prepared to join "the multitude which no man could number, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands," of whom it hath been said,

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

"For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—(Rev. vii. 14–17.)

THE END.

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